

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 957.—4 October, 1862.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are much obliged to "A Lady" in Philadelphia. Her
interest in "The Living Age" is so cordial as to be quite cheering. If she had given her
address we should have been glad to explain to her, more at large than we can do here;
the article she refers to was not copied from an American Journal, as she will see by look-
ing at the table of contents.

Very many kind letters we are obliged to pass unnoticed, because the writers give us no
address—and it is inexpedient to answer in print.

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broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

SLEEP NOT DEATH.

"Grato m'è il sonno . . .
Mentre ch'è danno e la vergogna dura."

In immemorial aisles, whose mellow gloom
Was crimsoned with the flush of setting day,
Where angels prayed above a trophied tomb,
Shadowed or sealed by death a woman lay;
The smile, the scorn of regal majesty,
Seemed frozen on her lips, or fixed in stone,
A chaplet of the stars that cannot die
Shone on the brow where living light was
none;

Yet death it was not, or it did not seem,
Methought, she slumbered in a heavy trance,
With fitful starts, the passion of a dream,
And mourners stood around, and wept for
France.

Then Freedom bowed her stately form and
said:

"O, Mother, mine no more, I seek a home.
Who are my friends? the exile and the dead.
Where are my banners? Do they float at
Rome?

One short bright morning of my life I stood,
Armed at thy side, crying to Earth 'be free!'
Through crashing kingdoms, through a sea of
blood,

Unconquerable, I looked and clung to thee;
I shone like Hesper over death's array,
And death was beautiful. The steadfast sky
Sees baser hopes and meaner men to-day,
These dare not follow where I point and die;

"They tremble if I speak. I must begone."

Then Faith said, sadly, "He who came to
save

Joined Faith with Freedom. Shall I rest alone,
A marble mourner weeping on a grave?
France knew me once. Her white-cross war-
riors fought,

Bleeding and faint, a passage to my shrine;
And, as they fell, the peace that is not bought
Came to them with death's kiss; the cause
was mine;

By all the woman's weakness I was strong.
Now, courtiers, give the word, and hirelings
pray,

The soldier's clatter drowns the sacred song;
I fly like Mary bearing Christ away."

A murmur of unutterable woe,
"Let us depart," was breathed upon the air,
Cross shadows flickered ghost-like to and fro,
The sculptured angels seemed to cease from
prayer;

But Honour, gray with years, knelt in the dust,
"I watched thy cradle first, I quit thee last.
The secret massacre, the broken trust,
Can these, can Caesar's crown, degrade thy
Past?

I live a memory in the hearts of men."
And Hope, with eyes fresh kindled from the
sun,
Said, "Lady, thou shalt rise and reign again,
Thou art immortal, and thy foe is—One."

—Spectator.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl.
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and
child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned
again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

FAITH AND WILL.

Two Powers, since first the world began,
Have ruled our race and rule it still:
Twin Masters of the fate of man
Are Faith and Will.

The pole-star and the helm of life,
That sets the end, this gives the force,
O'er plains of peace and seas of strife,
To carve our course.

The power that stands on rocks of strength,
And lets the tempest lash and foam,—
Unshaken—is the power at length
That brings us home.

But where is home? that Faith can tell.
But what is Faith? that Will can prove
By suffering bravely, striving well,
And serving Love.

—Spectator.

From The Spectator.

KING COTTON.

THERE is—or was until recently—a tall, handsome man confined in a lunatic asylum at Camberwell. He used to sit mournfully for days and weeks in a corner of his lone room, little given to talk, and less to physical exercise. Now and then, however, he broke out in a sudden blaze of excitement, repeating incoherent sentences, in which only the word “flax-cotton” was distinctly audible. The unhappy man’s name was Chevalier Claussen. By birth a Dane, and a man of high scientific education, he gave himself up early to the study of practical chemistry, particularly those branches connected with the manufacture of textile fabrics. After years of labor, and many experiments, he came to the conclusion that the fibre of flax, if rightly manipulated, is superior to cotton for all purposes in which the latter is employed, and therefore ought to supersede it, as well on this account as being an indigenous plant, for the supply of which Europe might remain independent of serf or slave. Claussen’s experiments were well received in his own country, and his king gave him the title of Chevalier; but, unfortunately, little other substantial encouragement. The inventor then went to France, married a young French lady, was presented at court, and received the order of the Legion of Honor; but again got little else but promises of future reward for the years of labor devoted to the one great object he had in hand. Somewhat weary of his work, and sorely pressed by poverty, Chevalier Claussen next came to this country, arriving just in time for the International Exhibition of 1851. He displayed in the Hyde Park Palace some beautiful articles made of flax-cotton, and set all the world in raptures about the new invention, the more so as he freely explained the secret of the process for converting flax-straw into a material equal in all and superior in some respects to the cotton fabric. The manipulation was simple enough, according to Claussen’s showing. The flax, cut into small pieces by machinery, was left for a short while to the combined action of alkaline solvents and of carbonated alkalies and acids, which converted the fibre into a material very similar to cotton, and fit even, to some extent, to be spun with cotton machinery. The English manufacturers

to whom the process was explained were delighted; nevertheless, they refused with many thanks the chevalier’s offer to work his invention. It was found that flax-cotton could not be profitably spun without making various alterations in the existing machinery, and to this the Lancashire mill-owners objected, saying, why should we trouble ourselves about the new raw material as long as we have got cotton in abundance? With something of a prophetic vein, M. Claussen remonstrated, arguing that the supply was not all to be depended upon, and that, besides, it would be better, and cheaper in the long run, to make European hands feed European mills, by the aid of perfected steam-agencies, than to leave the task to the rude manual labor of unwilling bondsmen. It was the voice of the preacher in the desert: Lancashire listened not; and when the Hyde Park show was over, Chevalier Claussen and his invention were no more thought of than the man who discovered the compass. Sorely troubled in mind, and with abject poverty staring him in the face, Claussen then pursued his pilgrimage, crossing the Atlantic to America. What happened to him in the great Western Republic is not accurately known; but it is presumed that some ‘cute natives laid hold of the young man from the old country, squeezing his brains and then throwing him overboard. It was rumored that Chevalier Claussen had got a “partner;” and not long after somebody, partner or otherwise, brought him back to this country, shutting him up in a lunatic asylum at Camberwell. Here the history of flax-cotton ends: the inventor in a madhouse; Lancashire without food for her mills and her people.

The case of flax versus cotton has not since had a fair trial. It is strange, indeed, to perceive in this matter to what an extent the industry of whole nations is liable to follow in the wake of mechanical inventions. It was not until the seventeenth century that cotton goods were made in England, while flax was cultivated to a far greater extent, and woven into textile fabrics, though with very simple mechanical appliances. Then it happened, about the year 1685, that a colony of Huguenot families, flying in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled in the North of Ireland, and gave the first impulse to the cultivation and manufac-

ture of flax. Among the refugees was a gentleman of the name of Louis Cromonelin, a native of St. Quentin, whose family had been engaged for generations in the linen trade. This M. Cromonelin took a patent for various contrivances in the spinning and weaving of flax, and setting earnestly to work in the new manufacture, crops of the plant soon sprang up in all directions, and thousands of acres of land, mere wastes previously, were covered with the graceful little annual, on tall and slender stalk, with delicate blue flowers, which in the time of Abraham already produced the "fine linen" on the spindles and looms of Babylonia. The flax manufactories, no less than the manufacturers, following the impulse thus given, thrived remarkably well in Ireland; and it is interesting to note that at the present day a descendant of M. Louis Cromonelin is at the head of one of the largest linen establishments in the province of Ulster. Towards the end of the latter century the use of the fibre of flax was near taking the lead in the manufacture of textile materials, when all at once a series of mechanical inventors—Hargreaves, Compton, Arkwright, and others—appeared upon the stage, devoting themselves entirely to the improvement of cotton machinery. Their efforts produced a social and commercial revolution as great as the introduction of the locomotive on the road. The quantity of cotton brought to this country in 1764 amounted only to about four millions of pounds; but in 1780 it came to be seven millions; in 1790, thirty millions; in 1800, about fifty millions; and increasing every decennium by from forty to one hundred millions, reached in 1860 the total of 1,250,000,000 pounds. Every step in this rising scale of consumption was marked, and was produced in the first instance by improved machinery. It seemed as if the entire energy of the mechanical genius of the age had been thrown into one direction of making contrivances for spinning and weaving cotton, and that all rival branches of industry had become totally neglected. So it happened that the methods for preparing flax adopted in this country, and, indeed, over the whole of Europe at the present time, still resemble those used by the ancient flax-growers of Egypt four thousand years ago, and yet followed by the natives of Hindostan. This is proved by numerous

pictorial representations on the walls of Egyptian tombs and temples, some of them as strikingly similar to the doings of Irish and Belgian peasants engaged in the flax manufacture as if copied on the spot. We have no more curious illustration of the in many respects one-sided and singularly accidental progress of modern civilization.

There is something truly marvellous in the contemplation of the thousand wonderful contrivances for manufacturing cotton shown in the "iron tabernacle" of the present International Exhibition, and the reflection that the whole is but the product of some seventy or eighty years. Before Arkwright's time the cotton manufacture was carried on—as the flax manufacture is still to a great extent—in the cottages of agricultural laborers, who, working partly in the fields and partly at their simple hand-loom, brought both calicoes and cabbages to the nearest market, to dispose of them to itinerant dealers. The stride from those old rural hand-loom to the modern machinery exhibited in the western annexe of Captain Fowke's warehouse is far more gigantic than anything else in the history of modern inventions, not excepting railway travelling and electric interchange of words. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is anything more expressive of human ingenuity—that which Carlyle calls the beaver-faculty of man—in the world, than some of the cotton-spinning automats at the exhibition. An immense row of spindles are seen flying round in furious whirl, twisting slender threads in all directions, bending upwards and downwards, obedient to an invisible power, and performing evolutions unapproachable in exactness and regularity by the hand of man. Other parts of the machinery take the cotton fibre, spread it evenly over long lattices, pass it between rollers, lead it along under a complication of wrappers, combs, brushes, and knives, and discharge it in the end in greatly altered form, ready for further manipulation. There is incessant life, movement, and action, and no propelling agency visible, save an occasional whiff of steam, which now and then pops out from beneath the world of wheels. Perhaps a little girl, with flakes of cotton in her hair, and more flakes in her apron, is looking on leisurely from the distance, pulling out here and there an errant thread; but apparently not otherwise interested in the doings of the

huge automaton. Contemplating the thing for awhile, nigh stunned by the tumult of wheels and levers, the thought creeps over the mind that all earthly intelligence has been concentrated here for the sole purpose of shaping the fibres of the *gossypium* plant into a textile fabric. To perform the task, ten millions of steam-propelled spindles are incessantly whizzing in this country, and hundreds of thousands of free men must be dependent on the labor of the slave. It is a contemplation almost hideous, to think of a legion of such automatons as are seen in the western exhibition annexe, all whirling and whizzing, but with no food to put down their throat, and nothing to grasp between their iron teeth. King Cotton, with famine in his trail, looks lurid in the extreme.

The terrors vanish somewhat on a further stroll through the exhibition. There are hundreds upon hundreds of stalls, from all parts of the world, whose owners offer to feed King Cotton, be he ever so hungry. Australia, South America, the Cape, Natal, Egypt, Algiers, Ceylon, China, Japan, the whole of India, and a host of other countries, down to classic Attica, have sent samples of their *gossypium* to show what they can do towards keeping the ten millions of British spindles in movement. The sight is a very fair one; but, alas, far from being entirely consolatory. The catalogue of countries which can produce cotton, but have not yet proved it, is like the list of works which young authors and poets set down in their pocket-books, as intending to write as soon as called upon, and which consequently they never do write. This awful question of cotton, it seems, is ruled everywhere more by accident than by the will of governments and nations. The ten millions of British spindles grew into existence because, as it chanced, a few working men of Lancashire took to inventing power-looms instead of flax-steeping machines; and King Cotton himself built up his throne on the banks of the Mississippi, because a couple of half-starved Frenchmen were wrecked there one day with a few seeds of *gossypium* in their pockets. The finest "long-stapled" cotton, the only kind for which Lancashire is really

crying in its distress, grew originally in the Antilles, where Columbus found it on his arrival, and settled a supply of it as a tribute on the natives. The districts of San François of Bailly, and other old settlements of Guadeloupe and the neighboring islands, furnished for a long time the whole of Europe with the best kind of cotton. In 1808, the export of the material from the Antilles amounted to near a million and a half of pounds; but the culture was as suddenly interrupted by the wars of the first empire, as recently again in the internecine struggle of America. Flying from the scene of strife, some French emigrants carried a small quantity of cotton seed from Guadeloupe to South Carolina, and thus established the element of commercial importance in the American Republic. This was the origin of the famous sea-island cotton. For many years past, the French Government has tried hard to revive the culture of the plant in the Antilles, but without any appreciable success. The millions spent to encourage the industry have had no other effect hitherto but to destroy it more and more, by introducing the artificial element. The same has been the case in other countries, wherever governments or commercial associations have attempted to carry the matter with a high hand. King Cotton evidently disdains restraint, and will rule only by the grace of God and his own supreme will. Whether it would not be wise to temper the sway by constitutional means, such as the appointment of Prince Flax to the chief ministry, is a question which the owners of the ten millions of spindles will have to decide before long. It seems hard and almost unnatural that hundreds of thousands of Europeans should be dependent for their very existence on the fibres of a plant which will only grow in hot and unhealthy climes, and the control of which, wherever produced, must be insecure in the last degree. Accident made King Cotton sovereign; but nature points in another direction, to an organism of the same constituencies, which flourishes with our race from the torrid zone to the north pole. We have it on high authority that man does not live on bread alone: why on cotton?

From Once a Week.

JOIN HANDS—LEAVE NOBODY OUT.

No nation can, at any time, be secure from that cold qualm of social fear which is one of the most peculiar of human sensations. We English know nothing, personally, of the terror of looking and listening for an invading army, actually marching on our soil. We know only the milder forms of national fear; but their effect, once felt, is never effaced. The sensation, on being overtaken by the crash of 1825-6, by the Cholera of 1832 and 1849, by the Potato-rot of 1846, and the financial panics of 1847 and 1857, is as distinct in each case as the cases themselves; and yet the experience is unlike that of any other kind of dread. The same peculiar qualm has been sickening our hearts now, for some time past. If any hearts are not yet sick at the doom of Lancashire and Cheshire, they have to become so; and it certainly seems to me that those are happiest who were the earliest to perceive the truth. Ours is a country blessed beyond every other, in regard to the blessings which we prize most. It is impossible to overrate the privilege of living in England: but even here we are not safe from national afflictions, taking the form of rebuke for our follies and sins. We have the sensation now of being under rebuke, and of having to suffer for some time to come, after many years of welfare which seemed to have grown into a confirmed habit of prosperity. The sensation is very painful. It is not to be shirked on that account, but rather treated with reverence, that it may impress upon us what it is that we ought to do.

The worst part of the whole misfortune is that the greatest sufferers are those who are in no way to blame for the calamity. We who are outside of the manufacturing interest may fine ourselves, punish ourselves, fatigue ourselves to any extent; but we cannot suffer anything like the anguish of the operatives in their decline into destitution. Those of us who have known them see but too well what that anguish must be. That class of operatives are a proud people, hitherto filled with comfort and complacency, and holding a social rank which appeared high to them, however little might be known in aristocratic regions of the depth of gradation between the cotton-spinner and the town Arab or Union pauper. The mill-people have been

opulent in their own rank in life. They could lay by considerable amounts of money; and many of them did. Of those who did not, and perhaps of some who did, it was understood that they were better customers to tradesmen than the gentry. The earliest and chiefest delicacies in the market were bought up by the operatives; the gayest silks and shawls, and head-trimmings, were worn by the factory-women; the most expensive picnics in the country were those organized by the operatives. Better than this, they have been buyers of books, students of music and drawing, supporters of institutes, and not a few of them members of co-operative societies which have won the respect of thousands of persons prejudiced against the very name. These are the people who are now, all at once and all together, deprived of employment and of income. By a stroke which they could not avert they are now reduced to absolute want. Instead of their dainty dinners and suppers, they have actually not enough of dry bread. Their expensive clothes are all gone, and they can hardly dress themselves so as to appear outside their own doors. Their furniture is gone, and they are sleeping on the bare floor. Their books are gone, with the names of each of the family in some or other of them; the treasure of music-books is gone, and the violin and the flute; the collections of plants and insects, and geological specimens, have been sold for what they would fetch. Not only is there nothing left; there is nothing to look to. Week after week, and month after month, must wear on, and there, or in a worse place, they must sit, still waiting for work and pay, and kept from starving only by charity,—outside the workhouse now, but perhaps within it by and by. The good steady girls pine and waste: the bright boys—the pride of father and mother—are stopped in their progress. All alike are without work and without prospect. It is this spectacle, with its long-drawn misery to come, which sends the qualm of dread through us; as well it may.

We get no comfort by looking beyond the class. That class are the natural patrons of the tradesmen. The tradesmen can get in no bills: they are selling nothing, unless on credit; and they are paying high rates. They cannot stand long, they say. The small gentry who live by their house prop-

erty are in much the same situation. They can get in no rents ; and yet they have to pay water-rates, poor-rates,—all their tenant's dues : so that they have less than nothing to live on. I will go no further in this direction. I do not write this to make others and myself miserable, but to discuss what we ought to do. In regard to the extent of the evil, then, I will add only that the population immediately concerned is from four to five millions, without reckoning the shopkeepers and small gentry who are involved with them.

Now, if I am to say what I think, as it is my custom to do, I must declare that, in my opinion, every one of us who enjoys food, shelter and clothing, is bound to help these sufferers. In my opinion, all ordinary almsgiving, all commonplace subscription of crowns or sovereigns, is a mere sign of ignorance, or worse. There are persons who give away a great deal in the course of the year, varying their donations from five shillings to five pounds, who never once conceived of such a thing as a call to part with any considerable part of their substance. Such persons gave £1 to the Patriotic Fund, just as they do every year to the nearest Dispensary : such persons would subscribe their sovereign to a national loan if all the navies of the world were in our seas, and half a dozen hostile armies were pouring out upon our shores : and such persons will no doubt offer their sovereign or five-pound note now to the Lancashire fund,—never dreaming that they appear to others like men walking in their sleep. Some means must be found to make them understand that the task before us all is nothing less than this ;—to support, with health and mind unbroken, for half a year, a year, or perhaps two years, four millions or more of respectable people, who must in no sense be trifled with, or degraded, or unfitted for resuming their industry, whenever the opportunity arises. A vast sum of money will be required for this purpose : and, till we see how much, it seems to me that those of us who cannot at once contribute a tenth or such other proportion of our income as we think right, should deny ourselves mere pleasures, and give up or defer any expenditure which can be put off, till we see what the winter will be like to the people of Lancashire and Cheshire. If the old and constant objection is urged,—that thus trade

will suffer by our retrenchment of expenditure, the plain answer is " Very true : and this is the tradesman's share of the national calamity. It will not be a ruinous occasion to tradesmen outside of the manufacturing districts ; and they must bear their share. The failure of cotton has caused an actual loss of several millions already ; and all just principle and feeling requires that the loss should be spread as widely as possible over society. Let our mercers and music-sellers, then, our confectioners and cabinet-makers go without our fancy custom this year ; and you and I will go without new dress, new music, our dessert, our autumn journey, or any indulgence which interferes with our giving a substantial part of our income to the Lancashire people."

But there are other people in Lancashire than those who are poor, the world is saying. This is abundantly true ; and once more, if I am to speak out what I think, I must say that the thought of that particular class is scarcely less painful than the contemplation of their poor workpeople.

When some of them, or their friends, cry " Let bygones be bygones," the answer is, that that is not possible. The past (as including the last hundred years) of Lancashire is too remarkable, and on the whole, too illustrious and honorable, to be ever forgotten or dropped out of history. To go no further back than the distress of 1842, it can never be forgotten how nobly and how wisely many of the mill-owners sustained their workpeople through months and years of adversity ; nor can it ever be forgotten that that was the occasion which disclosed the prodigious advance made by the operatives in knowledge, reason, and self-command. For the same causes which render these facts ineffaceable in our history, the subsequent characteristics and conduct of the employers will be also remembered. We need not dwell on them ; but we cannot pass them over in an hour of meditation on what we ought each and all to do.

Our cotton manufacturers have been openly regarded, for many years, in America as the main supporters of negro slavery. This is no concern of ours, now and here, except that it tends to explain the apathy first, and the pedantry of political economy afterwards, by which they have rendered themselves, in the world's eyes, answerable for all the really

afflictive part of the present distress. They knew that their countrymen understood slave-labor to be a most precarious element in the work of production; they were warned, through a period of thirty years, that a day must come when slave-labor in the Cotton States would be suddenly annihilated; they were shown incessantly for ten years past that the time for that catastrophe was approaching; they were conjured to appropriate some of their new wealth to ensuring a due cultivation of cotton in other and various countries, and especially to sustain the experiments carefully instituted by Government in India. Some three or four of their own number devoted time, trouble, money, and other precious things to this duty; and these have never ceased appealing to the rest to prepare while it was yet time to avert the very calamity which is now upon us.

It was in vain. The constant answer was that it was not their business, in the first place; and that, in the next, the world would use none but American cotton.

This last allegation seems to be already withdrawn. Indeed, it could not stand a moment after the disclosure was made that not only Switzerland and France, but the New England States themselves, prefer Indian to American cotton, because it takes the dye better, and wears better. There is evidence enough in the Exhibition of the suitableness of Indian cotton for our purposes, to silence that insolence which till now has rebuked our petition for it. I need say no more of this, nor point out the wide range of soil and climate in which cotton equal to the American can be grown.

As to its not being their business,—whose business was it, if not theirs? Where would the linen manufacture of Ireland have been now, if the manufacturers had not looked to the flax supply? They invested some of their capital in enabling the flax-growers to learn their business, to improve their methods, to use costly machinery; and their manufacture stands, though the prospect of a due supply of flax was as desperate, a dozen years ago, as that of cotton is now. The Irish peasant and farmer might more reasonably have been referred to the rules of political economy, than the Indian ryot on the one hand and the American slave on the other. If it would have been absurd to stand preaching about demand and supply

in the case of the Irish peasant, it has been madness when the parties concerned were the remote Hindoo as against the enslaved negro. The event has rebuked the pedantry of the Lancashire talk of demand and supply; and now, after having applied their wealth to every enterprise under Heaven but the one which was urgent, they find themselves without the raw material of their own manufacture.

So much for the past. What are they doing now? They are acting very variously, according to the intelligence and temper of each. The remark is universal, however, that there is as yet no approach towards any manifestation of power and will at all befitting the occasion. Some few have contributed £1,000 apiece. Perhaps they may mean to do more as the months pass on; and there is no saying what calls they may be responding to in the form of rates and private charity: but the common, and I think the upright feeling is that, on this special occasion, it would be no great marvel if the mill-owner who has made £50,000 in a few years were ready to give £20,000 or more for those whose industry built up his fortunes. There are employers who are worth one hundred,—two hundred,—three, four hundred thousand pounds, and up to a million: it is to be hoped that they are not going to set themselves down for £1,000. If this sort of comment has an invidious look, let us remember, on behalf of the wide world which is discussing it, that the people we have, as a nation, to carry through this calamity are above four millions, and that it is their industry which has enriched a whole class of manufacturers in the shortest space of time ever known. The world has expectations from the capitalists; and they ought to know what those expectations are.

At this very time, however, when parliament and the people generally have willingly indulged the moneyed men of Lancashire and Cheshire in their wishes as to the fitting of the Poor-law to their case, there is no little indignation afloat when these men are met on their travels, or enjoying themselves in sight-seeing and other amusements, while all is so dark at home. I own my inability to conceive how clergymen's families can go pleasure seeking, when they leave a whole population of starving weavers behind at home. I cannot imagine how mill-owners

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can shut up their mills, and turn their backs on the misery, to travel till affairs come round again. This kind of thing is the puzzle in London and elsewhere; and so is the fact that a large number of wealthy employers have as yet made no sign of intending to give with any liberality; and so is, again, the shocking certainty that there have been sales of cotton in Liverpool for exportation, when there were thousands hungering for want of it within fifty miles. There have been employers who have refused such profits, and have worked up their cotton at a loss, for their people's sake; but these good men are ill-neighbored; and if they save their own peace of mind and fair repute, they will still have something to bear through the deadness and lowness of neighbors to whom wealth has come before they were fitted to receive or to use it well.

All the while, the months are rolling on, and nothing effectual is done by the Lancashire capitalists towards getting hold of the existing stock of cotton in India, or ensuring a larger produce next year. Mr. Villiers talked in the House of 400,000 bales coming from India after October; and in the House of Lords there was mention of 6,000,000 bales actually existing in India, while the whole consumption of Europe and America is only 5,000,000. These statements are loose and unsupported, and we need not rely on them; but how is it that, at the end of many months of alarm and suffering, we have no special agencies at work in the cotton countries to ascertain how much may be had this year, and how much more next? Why have not the Lancashire capitalists combined to send out agents, and to supply whatever is needed, in the way of advances, seed, and "plant" for dressing and carrying the produce? This is not "growing cotton," of which they have such a horror: it is buying it;—buying it in the way which the Indian market requires. There are Indian officers and settlers by the score who would serve admirably for agents, being familiar with the country and the people, and the experiments already made,—both successful and unsuccessful. Under Sir C. Wood's peculiar management, there are now adrift many Indian officers who are the very men to do what is wanted, to set Lancashire to work again. Long before this time they might

have shipped off cargo upon cargo of cotton; and there might have been enough sown to justify us in calculating on the distress as a difficulty of six months' duration. As it is, the sowing season is past, the monsoon has arrived, and nothing in the way of combined effort is done. Men go on investing their wealth in all sorts of foreign schemes, under all manner of risks, while a Cotton Importing Association, which can honestly hold out a profit of from twenty to forty per cent, has to go a-begging for support. And Manchester talks pedantically about demand and supply, and division of labor, unshaken by the very convincing facts before her eyes; and some would throw the work of getting cotton on government, and some would leave it to chance, while the last thing that occurs to the general company of enriched employers is to invest their own money and pains in the work.

The sooner they see their duty as others see it, the better. What others see is, first, that we are all under a stringent obligation to carry the four millions of sufferers through their adversity, in health, and with spirits unbroken. This obligation presses everywhere; in London and in Launceston, as in Lancaster. Next, there is for the mill-owners the further duty of trying every rational method of obtaining supplies of the raw material, to set their manufacture going again. Proposals are before them for this object. Their country requires of these fortunate citizens that they shall adopt such proposals or frame others. The one thing which will never be forgiven or forgotten will be their persisting in doing nothing,—waiting while their stocks are increasing in value every day on their shelves, from the very scarcity of raw material which is starving their work-people. The time has long been past for any pretence of expecting a supply from America: the question now asked, more and more loudly, is what the manufacturers are about, not to carry their demand up to the sources of supply, in the remote recesses of native life in India.

If the duty of the manufacturers is twofold, the rest of us have a single duty so plain and urgent that we must look to ourselves that we do it. The plain duty of sustaining our cotton-operatives may, however, have many forms. The easiest is giving money. It should be largely, and may be

best perhaps in instalments, when the sum is considerable. There are several agencies through which it may be dispensed, either in aid of the parish payment, or to keep families off the parish, or to sustain them by loans, or otherwise in their position of respectability till the mills open again. Again, there is emigration going forward. There will be plenty of workers left for any work likely to accrue for years to come, however many of the young people make their escape now to a land of plenty. Let the lads and lasses be assisted to Queensland and British Columbia, to send us cotton, or make comfortable homes in the colonies; and their parents and brothers at home will suffice for the manufacture when it revives. Then, there are the sewing-rooms, where the young women earn something, and learn what they most need to be taught. Then, there are swarms of children wanting to be fed and taught:—how can we open our schools to the greatest number of them? Then, not a few of our kindly English matrons have contrived to take a Lancashire girl into their houses, to train for service, or in domestic arts which will be useful to her for life. This can hardly be expected

of middle-class housekeepers whose establishments are compact and economical: but we hear of success where it has been tried. There are probably more farms and warehouses where an extra youth can be taken on for training and service. There may be other ways, and not a few. The one certain thing is that every one of us can do something. Assuming this, I will only further ask my readers to try to represent to themselves what four millions of persons of all ages are like. Let them then think of that multitude as active, high-spirited, hitherto beholden to nobody, but now hungry, restless in idleness, fretting about their rent, ashamed to appear in the streets, wistfully inquiring about the chances of better times, hating to borrow, and hating worse to take parish pay,—and, in the midst of all this, steadily refusing to ask the government to interfere in America, so as to cut off the negro slave's chance of freedom;—let our countrymen and countrywomen look on this noble company of suffering fellow-citizens, and say whether they shall endure one pang that we can prevent.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE LAP OF LUXURY.—We notice that in the Western Annex of the Great Exhibition that there is "a machine for milking the four teats of a cow at the same time." It is said in "point of time, labor, and cleanliness, to far surpass milking by hand." Its lightness of touch, too, is wonderful, combining, we are informed, the "*suaviter in modo*" with the "*four-teat-er in re*" in a style that is sure to cast every dairymaid in the kingdom out of the milk-pail of society. We are only thinking if a few of these milking-machines could be introduced into the milky-way what a lacteal deluge there would be, what a cat's millennium would ensue, to the great horror and bankruptcy of the dairymen, who, in their overflowing despair, would probably seek a watery grave by drowning themselves in their own milk-pails.—*Punch*.

the Dutch Government. His inquiries may benefit, not the knowledge of history alone: they may also throw some new light on the Indian language and culture, of which curious remnants have been preserved in the islands of Java and Balé. Herr Friederich is to come to London first, to prepare himself for his task, by inspecting the Sanscrit inscriptions in the British Museum.

At a recent sale of choice violins in London, a Cremona of 1715 sold for £100, one of 1701 for £135, and one of 1697 for £210. The total amount of the day's sale was £1,717, and the number of violins disposed of was only seventeen. The average price realized was therefore over five hundred dollars a fiddle.

SANSKRIT INSCRIPTIONS.—Herr Friederich has received an order from the Prussian Government to collect the inscriptions in the Sanscrit language, dating from the Indian reign, which are still found in many places in Java. Herr Friederich, the German *savant*, has lived for sixteen years in the island, in the service of

MESSRS. HERZLEN AND OGAREFF, editors of the *Kolokol*, in London, publicly offer to publish, free of charge, all the Russian reviews and journals which have recently been suppressed by order of the Czar.

From The Spectator.

CURIOSITIES OF PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

THE session just closed has been one of the least remarkable we have had of late years. It survived the average term, although, perhaps, it scarcely accomplished the average amount of work, and it was saved from utter dulness only by the personalities occasionally introduced into the debates. There is no circumstance connected with it which entitles it to be numbered among the curious Parliaments of which history bears record, and which are a good deal better worth recalling than the incidents of the past six months. Many of the members who were becoming impatient last week to depart for the grouse, must have envied their predecessors in the first Parliament which ever sat, in the reign of Henry the Third, who were released after an attendance of thirty-three days. The burgesses, citizens, and knights had never before been allowed to exercise legislative functions, and the writ which summoned them rendered it lawful for them to receive payment for their services from their constituents. The sheriffs were directed to form a jury of "four lawful knights" to assess the expenses of the representatives; and for many years subsequently members received wages during the session. The rate of pay was first fixed in the reign of Edward II.—it was to be 4s. a day for every knight of the shire, and 2s. for every burgess; but a smaller sum was sometimes taken, and there is one case, which a writer in *Notes and Queries* suggests may be the first instance of bribery known, where a member consented to serve for nothing. The expenses of travelling to the place where Parliament assembled often deterred small constituencies from sending members—they virtually disfranchised themselves on account of their poverty. Petitions have been presented to Parliament from constituencies begging to be disfranchised on the ground of their inability to pay the expenses of their members. The Parliament of 9 Edward III. sat at York for eight days only, but the representatives from Cornwall had payment granted them for thirty-two days spent in travelling. This formed so serious a charge that it became a luxury, which only well-to-do boroughs could afford, to have a member. In some cases

payment was made in kind instead of in specie. There is an indenture extant (3 Edward III.) between one John Strawnge and certain burgesses of Droitwich, by virtue of which the said John Strawnge agreed to attend the Parliament at Westminster, "qwehdyr it holde longe tyme or schortt, or gwhedye it fortune to been P'rogott" for the consideration of a "Cade of full Her- yng tho' to been dyliv'id be Xitenmesse next comyng." The needy voter does not often find his privilege an encumbrance to him now-a-days, and Mr. Strange's bargain contrasts ludicrously with the amount of provender said to have been once consumed by "the voters of a small borough," besides a "preparatory breakfast" which cost £750. The following is the bill of fare, as given in the *Annual Register*, 1761: 980 stone of beef, 315 dozen of wine, 72 pipes of ale, 365 gallons of spirits converted into punch.

Parliaments were ordinarily elected annually, but the session was generally very brief, and between the reigns of Henry VI. and Charles II. the sittings were frequently adjourned on account of the plague. The shortest Parliament that ever sat met in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Edward I., and existed for one day only; the longest was not that which is historically known as the "Long Parliament," which, according to the general computation, existed 16 years, 145 days, or according to another (the outside limit) 17 years and three months. The second Parliament of Charles II. met on the 8th of May, 1661, and was not dissolved till the 24th of January, 1678, having thus had a duration of 17 years, 8 months, and 16 days. This, therefore, is the real "long" Parliament. It sat through, as Hume says, "the whole course of the reign, one year excepted. . . . Before their dissolution they seemed to be treading fast in the footsteps of the last Long Parliament, on whose conduct they threw at first such violent blame." Down to the time of Henry IV., the longest Parliament that had ever been known extended over ten months. He was the first king who prorogued Parliament by his own will and act. Twenty days was the average length of the session during the half century that Edward III. sat on the throne. This would have suited the blunt and dissatisfied Speaker who, in the course of the debate on the Triennial Bill in 1693, declared that

"Parliaments resembled the manna which God bestowed on the chosen people. They were excellent while they were fresh, but if kept too long they became noisome, and foul worms were engendered by the corruption of that which had been sweeter than honey." It was not, indeed, without many prognostications of evil that Septennial Parliaments were instituted, and some of the most pungent sarcasms of Junius are directed against those who could act as they liked for six years, provided they took a little trouble to make atonement in the seventh. The longest session of late years was that of 1847-48, which lasted 293 days, and was referred to by the Speaker in his address to the queen, as well as from the throne, as a "laborious and protracted session." Mr. May, in a pamphlet published in 1849, states that "it sat 170 days; the average duration of each sitting was 8 hours, 16 3-4 minutes; it sat 136 1-4 hours after midnight. There were 10,412 entries in the votes of *res geste*, and 255 divisions." Let members think of this, and consider how lightly they have escaped from their duties in the present year.

The present "forms" of both Houses have accumulated by slow degrees. In the reign of James I. a member brought forward a motion forbidding hissing in the House of Commons, and declaring it to be "a thing derogatory from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and as much crossing and abating the honor and privileges of the House as any other abuse whatsoever." The motion was accepted "with approval," but the practice of making unseemly noises does not seem to have declined, and Mr. Erskine May, in his valuable *Law of Parliament*, regrets that in our own time "the most disorderly noises are sometimes made." The ironical "Hear, hear" is peculiarly offensive to the nervous speaker, and even the practised debater is sometimes discomfited by an unexpected cheer. A few years ago a Mr. Blewitt, representative of the Monmouthshire boroughs, was the butt of the House when he rose, and used to make, as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* tells us, "impugning appeals, in plaintive tones and with aggrieved astonishment in his aspect, to know what it was the House were laughing at." It did not avail this unlucky gentleman that he was lineally descended from

the Welsh princes. Old members of the House may recollect an instance of a prime minister being severely rebuked for a cheer which he did not give. The incident occurred during a debate on the state of Ireland, in the session of 1846. Mr. Disraeli made it the foundation of one of his "envenomed" attacks upon Sir Robert Peel, that he had cheered a statement of Mr. Cobden, which was contrary to his (the prime minister's) own views. Sir R. Peel "totally denied" this, whereupon Mr. Disraeli, according to *Hansard*, exclaimed—"If the right honorable baronet means to say that anything I have said is false, of course I cease—I sit down." And sit down he did, in the middle of his speech. A scene ensued. Mr. Newdegate asked for an explanation of Sir R. Peel's words, and Major Macnamara, probably scenting a battle afar off, protested that if "any honorable member felt aggrieved, this is not the place to call him (Sir R. Peel) to account." But Lord George Bentinck, Sir James Graham, and other members who are no longer living, interposed to make peace. Sir R. Peel repeated his denial that he had cheered Mr. Cobden's remark. Mr. Disraeli expressed himself satisfied, and the parties retired for the night, without any prospect of Major Macnamara's services being called into requisition. Among all the hot encounters between Sir R. Peel and Mr. Disraeli, this approached the nearest to an open personal quarrel.

Formerly, members could not absent themselves for a single night from the House without permission of the monarch, and in after times, of the Speaker and the House. In every case they forfeited their wages during the time they were absent. Both Lords and Commons were fined if they did not attend prayers. During the "Long Parliament" the Commons made an order "that all members who climb over seats shall pay 12d.," and in the same session it was agreed, "that every member standing in the passage whilst the House is sitting shall pay 12d. to the Sergeant." It has often happened that members of Parliament have been mobbed, as in the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, or threatened, as in the case of Mr. Secretary Peel, who one night informed the House that he had received a letter complaining of his speeches, and threatening

him with public contradiction from the gallery. The writer was summoned to the bar and reprimanded. Persons have repeatedly been committed by the House for libelling individual members, the first example known of this mode of vindicating its honor having occurred in 1680. Once, in the reign of James I., the House took vengeance on a yeoman of the guard who had hindered a member from entering in order to hear the king's speech. The offender was brought in solemnly in a state of great contrition and penitence, and was compelled to beg pardon on his knees at the bar. He was likewise reprimanded by the Speaker. Occasionally, persons not members were found within the House and ignominiously expelled. Such accidents are little likely to occur now. The policemen at the doors know most of the members by sight, and even if an imposter were to elude their penetration, the porter at the door would infallibly discover him. It would be hardly possible, indeed, for a non-member to take his seat in the House during the progress of business.

The Speaker, though a potent and generally revered authority, has sometimes fallen beneath the displeasure of the House and suffered rebuke. In the time of James I. there was a Speaker who seems to have been in the habit of leaving the House frequently, without apology or explanation. One evening he met with an unexpectedly warm reception on his return to the chair. A Mr. Mallory said he ought not to rise without leave, and Sir R. Phillipps complained that the Speaker "sometime neglecteth his duty to the House in intrincating or deferring the question." Sir H. Manners was even more downright: "Mr. Speaker is but a servant to the House, not a master, nor master's mate." Sir H. Withrington declared that "the Speaker was the fault of all their faults, by preventing them with rising." The attack went the round of the House, the unfortunate object of it being compelled to listen to it with his accustomed impartiality and gravity. We are not aware of any similar instance of a combined and determined outbreak against the Speaker on the part of members; of late years, at any rate, an excellent understanding has prevailed.

The loquacity of members is no new failing. Queen Elizabeth ridiculed and reviled

her Commons very sharply for it, and once told them "She utterly disallows and condemns those for their audacious, arrogant, and presumptuous folly who, by superfluous speeches, spend much time in meddling with matters, neither pertaining to them, nor within the capacity of their understanding." On another occasion she charged them "Not to make new and idle laws, and trouble the House with them, but rather look to the abridging and repealing of divers obsolete and superfluous statutes"—certainly a sensible and homely piece of advice. She also rebuked the Commons for keeping among them "Desperate debtors who never come abroad," and "prowling and common solicitors that set dissension between men and men." The "Virgin Queen" had, indeed, a particular hatred for solicitors, and it was probably at her instigation that a bill was brought in for reducing the number of those "pests."

The Act 7 and 8 Will. III. made it necessary that a member should be of age—prior to that time there was no such restriction. In one of Elizabeth's Parliaments a long discussion took place upon this very point. A Mr. Alford said that no one was fit to serve under thirty years of age, and a few days afterwards Thomas Long, "a very simple man," was questioned as to his election. "He confesses that he gave the mayor of Westbury and another five pounds for his place in Parliament." They were ordered to repay the sum, a fine of £20 was levied on the corporation, and Long was expelled. In *Notes and Queries* (vol. 8, O. S.) a strange story appeared of a "member electing himself." A subsequent correspondent corrected the narrative in many important particulars, but stated that he was an eyewitness of the election, and that one elector only was present. Mr. Bannatyne was the member who thus gained a seat (for the county of Bute) by one vote.

During the past session a few journals have promised to get a suitable gallery for the ladies in the House of Commons, instead of the cage which now hides their charms. These polite writers may not be aware that serious arguments were, and are still sometimes, used against ladies being admitted within the House at all. The *Edinburgh Review* thus reasoned in 1841: "It cannot be denied that the effect of a casual attend-

ance at debates is to cause a regard for persons rather than for principles, and the substitution of private partiality for calm and comprehensive judgment—in short, the aggravation of those very failings which are always observable in the politics of women. Women who take an interest in politics are commonly observed to be keener and bitterer in their partisanship than men. To make them spectators of political conflicts would be to aggravate the animosity with which they are too apt to regard the opponents of their own friends; and the harmony and peace of society, which have already too often been disturbed by political discord, would materially suffer." Another of the writer's objections was that it would be unadvisable "that the vanity of young members should be tempted to encroach upon the valuable time of the House, by the presence of an audience still more interesting than even the redoubtable phalanx of reporters." He even thought that the House would be lowered in the sight of the country

by the admission of ladies. Perhaps, after this, fair politicians will be contented with the cage from which they are permitted to survey the mysteries.

To conclude these stray notes, we may mention that two "men of color" have sat in Parliament—Dyce Sombre and John Stewart—and that it was once the custom for sittings to take place on Sunday. No instance of this has occurred since the reign of Richard II. "The last occasion," says Mr. May, "on which the Crown refused its consent to a bill was in 1807, when Queen Anne refused her assent to a bill for settling the militia in Scotland." While Cromwell was in power he gave his assent to bills in English, ignoring the French form used till then, and restored after his death. The House of Lords once passed a measure to do away with these French words, but the Lower House was for once more Conservative than the Upper, and refused to abolish the ancient custom, which is consequently still observed.

DISCOUNTING ONE'S MARBLE.—We read in the *Bath Chronicle* that in the Abbey Cemetery (which we take not to be exactly the place where Mr. Acres thought there was "snug lying") a citizen of Bath has erected upon himself a tombstone, upon which he has recorded all that is usually placed there, leaving a blank for the day of his demise. And this memorial by anticipation the brave Bath brick occasionally visits and reads. We do not hear whether he has indulged himself in epigraphic eulogy, but why should he not do so? He must know himself better than anybody else can know him, and may speak of his own virtues with the calmness of certainty, whereas his executors could only guess at them. Let him put up "R. I. P.", whether that mean Respected in the Parish, or as in Roman Catholic inscriptions, implies an unpleasantly warm operation undergone in the intermediate state. Or stay. Why not take the other line? He is a strong-minded man, and not afraid to rebuke tombstone flatteries. We have not the slightest or faintest idea who he is, and therefore cannot annoy him by our wildest supposition. Let us suppose him a Humbug. His decorous executors may or may not know the fact, but certainly will not allege it, *vid* chisel and hammer. What a splendid moral lesson he might read—thus:—

Here Lies
What is Mortal of
PIGGE DE BLADUD, ESQ.,
Of this City,

He had a bad temper and a good wig:
He knew which side his bread was buttered:
He was thought rich, and undeceived nobody:
Hence he was feared, admired, respected,
And made Churchwarden. And,
Dying on the Blank day of Blank,
And leaving next to nothing behind him,
Is now called an awful old Humbug,
And does not care a farthing what he is called.

Now, there would be true courage in a man who should put up anything of that sort, and we believe (unless seeing *Robert le Diable* has made us superstitious) that the hypocritical tombstones around this revelation would be found to have twisted round and turned their backs upon such vulgar frankness. *De mortuis nil nisi Verum* is a rule to which we have not yet attained; but if the living took to writing their own epitaphs, we might approach that wholesomeness. At any rate we are obliged to our friend at Bath for putting the notion into our minds, and in return we will hope that it will be a good while (if such be his wish) before the date is chiselled into the stone mentioned in the *Bath Chronicle*.—*Punch*.

From Once a Week.

WHAT I HEARD AT THE COFFEE PARTY.

I BELIEVE there is no country in the world utterly devoid of superstition in one form or other. Germany is generally considered to be the land of legends and traditions, yet the part in which I have lately resided, is, I think, the least poetical corner of Europe. In Silesia, which was formerly a Polish province, scarcely is a vestige of ancient grandeur to be found, and nothing can be more matter of fact, unrelieved by the least fancy or imagination, than both the habits and tastes of its inhabitants; yet even there, amidst those unpoetic plains, romance, tradition, fiction, call it what you will, has found some small channel, and from time to time threads its way through the commonplace tittle-tattle of this most prosaic era.

Whilst staying at the small garrison town of N——, I was invited to a "coffee party," an entertainment generally given to ladies alone, the unfair sex being rigorously excluded. The Frau Landträtin von G—— had assembled round her hospitable board a numerous party of ladies from the neighborhood, and extensive were the preparations made for their delectation. The younger members of the circle might probably have considered that an invasion of some of the uniformed youths, of whom the town was then full, would not altogether have marred the enjoyment of the endless refreshments set before them; but the rule of exclusion was stringent as the laws of the Medes and Persians, so they were fain to make the best of existing circumstances, and wile away the time by discussing the respective merits of absent friends—male and female. A little scandal, or "klatschen," as it is called in German, is a necessary ingredient in all small assemblies, and if report speaks truly, is an amusement not exclusively confined to the weaker sex.

On this occasion the conversation became all the more lively for being interspersed with repeated sips at that delectable composition called "Bowle." This is a beverage of which Rhine wine, pineapple sugar, and champagne form the principal ingredients; when mixed with due skill and science, the flavor is ambrosial, and it is particularly favored by the ladies as being more delicate and refined than the ordinary vinous beverages.

Who knows how many characters would

have been torn to pieces, or matches made or even unmade, on that afternoon, had not our good hostess chanced to express her admiration of a pearl necklace, of great value, worn by one of her guests: "It is more curious than beautiful," rejoined the wearer; "you know it is the famous Malzahn necklace."

"What, *the* necklace!" exclaimed all the ladies in chorus. "Oh, pray let us see it!"

I inquired into the cause of all this curiosity, and as a few besides myself professed ignorance of the generally well-known story, the countess was kind enough to relate it for our benefit.

"You must know, then," said she, "that one of our ancestors, a Count Malzahn, inhabited, at a very remote period, the Castle of Militsch, in Silesia. He was married to a very beautiful young lady, and in due course of time became the happy father of a son and heir, whose birth was greeted by the most joyous festivities in Castle and Hall.

"Shortly after the child's birth, as the young mother had fallen into a deep slumber, she had a strange dream or vision, which made so deep an impression on her mind, that she could not refrain from relating it the next day. She dreamt that a little dwarf had appeared at the bottom of her couch, and that he had begged and prayed her in the most piteous tones to have her baby's cradle removed from the spot on which it stood, as the rocking, he said, disturbed his wife, who was very ill, and could not sleep for the noise. The poor countess only got laughed at for her foolish dream. The next night, however, her troublesome guest re-appeared, this time urging his request with still greater earnestness; she therefore determined no longer to withstand his entreaties, and the next day had the baby and his cradle removed to the other end of the room. The ensuing night, the little man visited her again in her dreams, but this time in high spirits, thanking her profusely for her kind acquiescence in his wishes, and assuring her that his wife was already fast recovering in consequence.

"The countess was well pleased when the vision disappeared, and left her for some time in peace: the relief, however, was not of long duration, as a few weeks later the poor lady's dreams were again disturbed by the same apparition. This time the little dwarf had no intention of again dislodging

the poor baby or his cradle, but he made strong objections to the nurse's habit of throwing away water from the child's bath through the ordinary channel. He declared that every particle of it pattered down, drop by drop, on his unfortunate wife's head, and that if the countess would not deign to order her servants to throw away the child's bath on some other spot, his beloved wife must perish. The good countess got rather impatient at these constant appeals to her good-nature, and determined not to be so foolish as to attach any importance to a mere dream; but the little man was not to be so easily put off—he appeared to her every evening, and was so importunate that, for the sake of peace and quietness, she was fain to order the child's bath to be emptied in another corner of the castle. No sooner had this taken place, than once more the little man presented himself to her in her dreams, thanking her most gratefully for her kindness.

“My wife is now quite restored,” added he, “all danger is past. This blessing I owe to you, most gracious lady, and I wish to offer you a small token of my gratitude. Deign to accept this necklace—it ought never to go out of your family, and if kept, it will always foretell the death of the Countess Malzahn, by one of its pearls turning black by degrees, at the demise of each lady of this race.”

“When the young countess awoke, what was her surprise to perceive a pearl necklace lying on the coverlid before her! This very same necklace that I now wear is the ominous present of the troublesome little dwarf!”

“My story is not at an end yet,” added the countess, smiling, as she was about to be interrupted. She resumed.

“Some hundred years ago, a very rough, wild Count Malzahn was proprietor of the Château of Militsch. He was a great sportsman, and fond of heavy potations, as gentlemen were wont to be in those days. He often had a wild, noisy set of companions about him, and thus scared away from his table his delicate, refined, and beautiful young wife. One evening, when these rough sportsmen had been drinking hard around the oaken table in the tower of Militsch Castle, the conversation happened to turn upon the mysterious necklace, which had acquired great celebrity from the fact that whenever a Countess of Malzahn died, one of the

pearls really did turn black. Some questions arose as to the quality of the stones, it having been asserted by jewellers that although bearing a strong resemblance to pearls, the stones were of no earthly composition, and so hard that it was perfectly impossible to break them. At the request of his guests, the count sent to his lady, begging her to lend her necklace for their inspection. She did not like to part with it, and made an excuse; whereupon her lord and master waxed wroth, and ordered her to send him the trinket, on pain of his serious displeasure. The poor countess complied, though unwillingly; the necklace was brought, handed about, and examined, and many were the bets made as to its solidity. One of the knights declared he could split one of the pearls with his sword. Wagers were laid for and against:—he struck the blow with dreadful violence, but the pearl remained unscathed. Suddenly, however, a dreadful peal of thunder was heard; the lightning struck upon the old tower where they were seated, which crumbled to pieces, burying the half-drunken knights under the rush of falling stones. Many were drawn out merely wounded, but the imprudent knight who had tried his strength on un-earthly things was struck dead. The pearl necklace was found, and, as you see, has been ever since carefully preserved, but they never have been able to rebuild the tower of Militsch. It is said that whatever part of it is built during the day, falls in during the night; so that after many fruitless attempts to overcome the spell, it has been given up altogether. The only certain part of the story is,” added the countess, “that this old necklace still retains its strange power of marking the death of each successive owner, by one of its pearls turning black. I often look at them, to see if another pearl is not beginning to assume a gray tint, which will be the sure sign of my approaching death!”

We all looked with much interest at the handsome features of the amiable old lady, who had so kindly related this family legend for our benefit, and heartily wished that her pearls might long retain their pure white hue, which strongly contrasted with the color of the seventeen that have already put on their mourning for the deceased châtelines, and which really have a very dingy tint.

The die was cast—strange stories had be-

come the order of the evening. The formerly interesting topics of family quarrels, suspected flirtations, misbehaved servants, etc., had suddenly lost their charm, and a tide of family traditions and ghost stories came rushing in from all sides, a torrent which nothing but the fear of late hours and bad roads could stem. I will only record the tales which struck me as most authentic, because they were told by members of the families in which they had occurred.

"You all know that beautiful picture of my brother-in-law, the Baron Tettau, which hangs in the picture-gallery at home, do you not?" inquired a pale, delicate-looking lady, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair. "That picture was painted by Angelica Kaufmann, and is considered to be one of her best works. He is taken in full uniform, as a smart young officer of the Guards, which he then was, and his portrait was painted on the occasion of his marriage, which, unfortunately, gave him but a short span of happiness, as his young wife died a year after, leaving him a sweet little daughter in token of her love. This child was brought up in the country, under the surveillance of a governess, and very near to the residence of her grandmother, the old Baroness von Tettau.

"We were one evening all assembled at supper, that is to say, all except my brother-in-law, who had just joined his regiment, and was daily expecting to take an active part in the contest against Napoleon's hated troops. His mother looked up with tender and admiring eyes at the handsome portrait hanging opposite to her, and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Where may my poor Franz be just now!' the tears gathering fast in her eyes at the thought of the perils he was about to encounter. Scarcely had the words been spoken when a crash was heard, and down came the picture! Strange to say, the nail on which it had hung had not moved: it seemed to have been jolted off the hook by a sudden jerk. We were all depressed by this unaccountable accident, and I had some difficulty in calming my poor mother-in-law, who persisted in regarding it as an omen that something dreadful had happened: her fears were but too soon verified. A few days later the news reached us that my brother-in-law had been sent to reconnoitre, and that a stray shot had killed him on the spot, at the very

hour when his portrait had fallen down at his father's home.

"Time, which heals all wounds, even the deepest, had passed over this sad circumstance, and we were once more seated together at supper in the same dining-room as before. It was rather late, for we had been paying a visit to the little orphan girl, Baron Tettau's daughter, and had waited there to speak with the doctor, as she had not been well: he declared, however, that she was much better, quite free from fever, and assured us that there was not the slightest cause for anxiety. We therefore returned home, and as I said before, were seated at supper, when again a crash, and, without any apparent cause, down came my brother-in-law's portrait to the ground. This time our alarm was excusable: we at once despatched a messenger on horseback to inquire after the little girl, but he returned almost immediately, having been met half-way by the bearer of a missive from the governess, conveying the shocking intelligence that the dear little child had died suddenly in a fit!

"It will readily be believed that my brother-in-law's portrait, beautiful as it was, had now become an object of superstition, almost of aversion in the family: it was therefore removed from the dining-room, and carefully hung in a large hall filled with family pictures, which we call 'the gallery.' My husband had selected a place for it over the entrance-door, where it was partly hidden, as he wished to spare his poor mother as much as possible the painful reminiscences which the sight of the fatal picture was sure to awaken.

"Many years elapsed—indeed, it is but ten years ago since my much regretted father-in-law died; my poor husband was, as you all know, deeply afflicted at his loss: he tended his poor father through his last illness with the most devoted affection and tenderness, and after the last sad parting, when we women, overcome with sorrow and fatigue, had retired to our rooms, he still remained sitting by his father's corpse. After some time he became uneasy, and could no longer bear the dread silence of the chamber of death: he got up, paced to and fro, and almost unconsciously bent his steps towards the gallery: he endeavored to enter, but some impediment closed the way: he pushed

the door with force, and in so doing removed his brother's picture, which had again fallen to the floor!

"Since that time no death in the family has occurred, but we are of course all convinced that the same thing will happen when any one of us is called to his or her last account."

This lady's story was told with so much simplicity and good feeling that all present were impressed with the conviction of its truthfulness, the more so that the narrator bears the highest character for veracity and straightforwardness.

Another tale related on this occasion is to be found in many old German books, but except to readers well versed in the lore of German legend it is probably quite unknown. It was told me by a near and dear friend of mine, a member of the family to whom this tradition belongs, and a person in whose veracity I place the greatest possible confidence. Thus, then, runs the tale:—

"In olden times there lived a most beautiful, pious, and amiable Frau von Alvensleben, who was respected and beloved by her friends and the high and mighty of the land, and looked up to and adored by her dependants and the poor, who for many miles around felt the benefit of her loving charities. This favorite of fortune and nature had, however, one drop of gall mixed in her cup of happiness, which had wellnigh embittered the whole of her precious gifts. She was childless, and it was no small grief to her beloved lord as well as to herself to be denied an heir to their noble name and vast possessions. Frequently, when more than usually oppressed by sad thoughts, she would wander forth and seek in assuaging the sorrows of others a relief to her own painful reflections. On one occasion, as in pensive mood she was returning from one of these charitable visits to the sick and poor of her villages, her way led through a long avenue of well-grown trees bordering the banks of the Elbe. Slowly she walked with eyes cast on the ground, when her steps were suddenly arrested by a little dwarf, who stood respectfully before her. She was startled at first, but seeing him look smilingly at her, she soon regained her composure, and in a kind manner asked him what he wanted.

"Most gracious lady," quoth the dwarf, "all I wish is to give you brighter hopes, and

to foretell that your future will be as happy as you deserve. Within a year from this time you will be blest with three sons at a birth [*drillinge*]. I pray you to accept this ring," continued he, handing her a large gold ring most curiously wrought; "have it divided into three equal parts, and when your sons are of an age to understand the trust, give one piece to each of them to keep as a talisman against evil. As long as it remains in the family the Alvenslebens will prosper."

"With these words the kind little man disappeared; but his prophecy was realized, and his injunctions carefully obeyed. The three sons lived to form the source of three distinct lines of the Alvensleben family, and are distinguished by the names of the Black, the White, and the Red line.

"Years — nay, centuries — rolled by, but the three pieces of the ring were carefully preserved by the descendants of the three brothers. The age of superstition had now passed away. Frederick the Great was mighty, and he scoffed at all things; Voltaire, his friend and teacher, sneered at every species of belief, and the courtiers thought it becoming to imitate their master and his favorite.

"A gay party was seated on the balcony of the Castle of Randau, which overhangs the muddy-colored, shallow, and yet sometimes treacherous, river Elbe. Amongst the company were several gay young officers of the Royal Hussars, then stationed at Magdeburg, who had ridden over to pay their devoirs to the fair lady of the manor, the Frau von Alvensleben of the Red line, a famous beauty at Frederick's court. Although the mother of three fine boys, her beauty was at its zenith, and her sharp, ready wit and satirical, sceptical turn of mind had won for her as many admirers as her rare personal attractions.

"I never believe in anything that I do not see or feel," said the lady with a bright laugh, continuing an animated conversation about second-sight and ghost-seers; "nor do I care just now to believe in anything but that these strawberries are delicious," added she, holding up a ruddy berry; "that the air is pure and balmy, my companions most agreeable, and life altogether very charming and enjoyable."

"Would that life were made up of such moments," sighed her nearest neighbor, with

an ardent glance; 'but, alas! we must bend to so many influences beyond our own control!'

"Not a whit," retorted the lively lady, "Jeder ist seines Glückes Schmied" (every one forges his own happiness), 'saith the proverb.'

"How can you say that fairest of châtélaines, when you know that the happiness of each of us is dependant upon your goodwill," responded one of the gallants.

"And," added the Major von Eulenberg, a somewhat more sedate admirer, 'you yourself, madame, must not forget that you are living under the spell of the famous Alvensleben ring; if you were to lose it, who knows what might happen.'

"Alter schützt von Thorheit nicht" (age is no preservative against folly) 'I see,' answered the beauty, pertly tossing her head. 'Do you think I am such an idiot as really to believe in this silly story of the ring? I thought my sentiments were better known, and to prove to you how free from superstition I am' . . . she ran into the room through the open folding-doors, hastily unlocked a casket with a small golden key which hung from her neck chain, and swiftly returning, made a comical low curtsy to the circle of gentlemen, and, with a graceful movement, flung what she had in her hand down into the rushing river at her feet: 'There,' she cried, exultingly, 'there goes the token of old superstition, which has too long been treasured in our family; there goes the famous ring, and may the Alvenslebens evermore depend upon *themselves* for their good luck and prosperity.'

"The act was greeted with bravoës, and warm expressions of admiration at the strength of mind she had exhibited, by the young officers, whose only wish was to flatter and please the star of the day: yet some in their hearts disapproved, others felt as if a blank had fallen upon their spirits, and though outwardly merry, the party separated with far less jovial feelings than they had ever before experienced within the walls of Randau.

"Six weeks afterwards, this laughing, scoffing beauty was bent low in sadness and sorrow. She had in that short period lost her husband and her three sons, all of whom were suddenly carried off by a virulent fever. It is not known whether she connected this sad bereavement with her imprudent act, but probably her haughty scepticism received a shock, for she renounced the world, and ever after led a life of sorrow and seclusion. Thus ended the Red line of the Alvenslebens.

"The members of the Black line, shocked by this sad occurrence, and fearful lest some accident might cause the loss of so small an object as the third part of a ring, had it melted among other gold and moulded into a goblet or 'Pokal,' which the sole survivors of that line still possess. Their star, however, has fallen, and from the prosperous and numerous family which then flourished, and was in possession of nearly half the province of Magdeberg, but two descendants in middling circumstances now exist. The last member of importance of that line, was the highly esteemed Minister of State under Frederick Wilhelm III., Count Albert Alvensleben; who died at so late a period as 1858.

"The members of the White line have been the wisest of the three; they still carefully preserve among the family archives in their Castle of Erxleben, near Magdeberg, their precious share of the little dwarf's present. This family is amongst the most highly esteemed and beloved of the old noblesse of Prussia: highly favored and truly loved by their monarch, many of them still hold important offices in the army and state, and the White line still counts thirty or forty members."

It was not without regret that we broke up the circle round the coffee-table; these and other tales had made us forget the flight of time, and if they have for a moment amused my readers, I am richly repaid for the slight trouble of transcribing them.

THE LAST FRENCH ROMANCE.

WILL you hear of a lovely young lady of France,
For whom knights in old days would have levelled the lance,
And she had great riches and beauty beside,
And an Empress's Chamberlain wanted a bride,
Singing, *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

Now Claire had a lover already, small blame,
Or none, to the darling for having that same :
An able young statesman, but poor by compare
With toadies who fawn round an Empress's chair.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

She had also an uncle as kind as could be,
A General Receiver of Taxes was he,
His name as you spell it was Fontinallat,
But of course being French it must not rhyme with that.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

The beautiful Empress she listed the prayer,
That she'd have her gay Chamberlain married to Claire,
Grand-niece of Duke Pasquier, and as hath been told,
No end of a fortune in silver and gold :
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

Then smiled the fair Empress, and promised to use
Her counsel to Claire as to whom she should choose :
Nothing doubting the maiden would gladly obey
Her Sovereign's behest, and immediately say
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

But Claire, in the presence, made blushing admission
That she loved, and loved only her young politician,
And begged that Madame would select, for her pearl
Of Chamberlain-courtiers, some other rich girl.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

The beautiful Empress felt mightily riled,
And feared the young lady was what you call spiled ;
" To think, when the Court has the goodness to choose
A spouse for a virgin, the girl should refuse.
To sing, *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

Alarmed at the point in the Empress's words,
Poor Claire hurried off to the " Convent of Birds,"
And sought the protection of padlock and grate
For a flutterer invited to choose a wrong mate.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

But, alas for the lover of worried Miss Claire,
She entered a trap when she took herself there ;
And the Lady Superior, by night and by day,
Conjured and implored the poor girl to give way.

Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

The Lady Superior, when baffled, brought in
A burly Archbishop, who talked about sin,
And preached to Miss Claire that the Devil alone
Made her shy at a marriage advised by the Throne,
That said *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

Yet still the young lady was constant and true,
And vain was the ecclesiastical screw,
But they worked it so hard that at last the poor maid
Wrote off to her uncle to come to her aid.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

He got the sad letter, brave Fontinallat,
He dashed out an oath, and he dashed on a hat,
And he dashed in his carriage to call on his Chief,
The Minister, Fould, of the Hebrew belief.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

Achilles was out, but Patroclus was there
Who knew the whole story of pretty Miss Claire,
And informed the brave uncle his place would depend
On his proving the Chamberlain's champion and friend.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

" There are some things," says Horace, " too awful for verse,"
And one's when a Frenchman commences to curse ;
But if oaths may be pardoned it's when they're let fly
At a rogue who would make you his tool and ally.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

Monsieur Fontinallat having blazed like a bomb,
Informed poor Patroclus (with horror struck dumb)
That having imparted his notions at large,
He should seek his hotel and await his discharge.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

It came in an hour—ere another had past
He had Claire in his uncely arms safe and fast,
And he took her away, the poor true-hearted dove,
And swears she shall marry the man of her love.
Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !

And if with a moral you'd like to be bored,
See Court, Priest, and Minister awfully floored ;
For trying what threat and corruption would do,
To force a young maid, in Eighteen Sixty-Two,
To say, *Vite en carosse, vite à la noce !*

—Punch.

From The Spectator.

HEATHENDOM.*

FIRST NOTICE.

LAS CASAS during a debate on the iniquity of subjecting the American Indians to toil and slavery was hard pressed by some monkish casuists, who pleaded in support of the right possessed by one race to enslave another the revered names of Plato and Aristotle. The philanthropist could not restrain his indignation at this line of argument, and wondered that Christian men could refer to the authority of writers who were themselves undoubtedly burning in the fires of hell. No one could impeach the Spaniard's orthodoxy, and his inference as to the condition of the two greatest philosophers who have enlightened the world was the most logical of deductions from the most undoubted premises of the narrow orthodoxy. His expressions, nevertheless, shocked the best feelings of the theologians of his own age, and are felt to need some sort of apology when recorded by his modern eulogists. He brought out in its plainest colors a contradiction of sentiment which subsists in the minds of almost all men, but of which most persons are little more than half conscious. Heathendom wears two different aspects. Clergymen in their pulpits dilate on the folly, the vice, and the ignorance which degraded the heathen world. The same men when they turn from a parish congregation to a class of University pupils adopt a different tone. In each line of Plato they find a foreshadowing of Christianity. Aristotle's name crushes their judgment by the weight of his reputation, for no long time has passed since Oxford lecturers hunted in the Stagyrte's works for arguments in favor of human corruption or of baptismal regeneration. In all this there is no hypocrisy. The same contradiction may be traced in the opinions entertained by different writers and by different ages concerning those times, of which we know at once so much and yet so little, before the triumph of Christianity divided history by a gulf which neither genius nor learning finds it easy to bridge over. Of recent years authors such as Mr. Kingsley discover in the circumstances and passions which influenced the Pagans of Alexandria

* *The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ.* From the German of J. J. I. Döllinger. By the Rev. N. Darnell, M.A. 2 vols. Longman.

a type, as it were, of the difficulties and perplexities which beset the men of the nineteenth century, and perceive in history nothing but the struggle of the human soul with "foes," whose "faces" may now, indeed, be slightly "new," but who are in their nature old. The eighteenth century drew unconsciously even nearer to heathenism than does the nineteenth. The imaginative mind attempted to recall the scenery which surrounded Epictetus or Tully, and in the whole phraseology and thoughts which marked the moralists of the day there are traces of heathen parentage. Even Butler shows as much sign of the influence exercised over him by Epictetus as of the effect produced on him by the writings of St. Paul. Johnson's morality does not appear very dissimilar from the prudential ethics which may be supposed to have guided the conduct of Cato the Censor, and in the pages of the *Spectator* are embodied quotations from stoic philosophers, mingled with extracts apparently equally unknown to its readers from Solomon's Proverbs or from Job. A whole generation drew its moral sustenance from diluted renderings of Cicero's Offices, and when the eighteenth century terminated in the French Revolution, the men and women who aimed to reform the world were, one and all, like Madame Roland, imbued with the rhetoric and the principles of Plutarch. No one can venture either to disdain the influence of heathendom, or, on the other hand, to deny that, in spite of this influence which can be traced in the arts, the morals, and the religion of the Christian world, there does indeed exist a sharp contrast between the ages of pagan darkness and the time of Christian light. What students who cannot be contented by mere words which convey little impression demand is an investigation into the nature of heathendom which may bring forth both the lights and the shades of the ancient world, which, in other words, can show both why Plato and Cicero may still claim our reverence; and why, at the same time, it was a true and enormous step in the progress of humanity when the preaching of Galilean fishermen swept away the system which had nourished the patriotism of Pericles and the exalted virtues of Marcus Antoninus.

To give the results of such an examina-

tion is the object of M. Döllinger's work. He has attempted, to use his own words, "to represent the Paganism of the period previous to our Lord with at least an effort at completeness, the sketch embracing the heathen religious system, heathen modes of thought and speculation, heathen philosophy, life, and manners as far as they were severally connected with the religion, were determined by it and reacted upon it in their turn." In a certain sense he has succeeded. In his book is contained a mass of information which nothing short of German learning and German industry could have brought together. Readers, if they find in it none of those flashes of insight by which Hegel occasionally throws a gleam of light over the whole tendencies of an era, and none of those humorous touches in which Mommsen explains the feelings of the ancient world through analogies drawn from modern life, are still rewarded by obtaining a knowledge of facts which the lifetime of an ordinary individual would scarcely suffice to collect. M. Döllinger has written a book which all students of ancient religions will be compelled to consult. Many of his opinions and conclusions deserve criticism, but an author of his learning and research claims to have his opinions clearly stated before they are made the subject either for eulogy or censure.

The history of Paganism divides itself into two great periods, which, though their limits cannot be very accurately drawn, are distinguished from each other by very clearly defined characteristics. Paganism, in its earlier stage, may be described as natural heathenism. Whilst the world was yet divided into numerous states, each country held to its separate gods and its different modes of worship, and the idols of Greece or Egypt were as little connected with one another or with the gods of Rome as were the citizens who listened to the speeches of Pericles with the Romans who, about the same period, were occupied in remodelling the laws of their city. Of course there were, during this condition of the world, infinite differences between the religious usages of various races. Still certain features were common to all the heathen institutions of at least the western world during the first stage of pagan development. Unconsciousness was the main trait of heathendom during its

youth. Priests existed, but no organized body such as since the rise of Christianity has been known as the priesthood. Sacrifices were universal; but though the idea of expiation was not entirely foreign to them, and is even prominent in those human offerings which, according to M. Döllinger, were more frequent than is ordinarily supposed, they were rather occasions for festivity than means of atonement, and in many cases the popular notion obviously was that the sacrifice was a feast wherein gods and men each took a part. Oracles again, or auguries, were general; but little moral significance attached to the character of a prophet, and generally ethics and religion occupied, as it were, distinct spheres. Even when moral philosophy arose, the opposition between its teachings and the doctrines of the received creeds was but indistinctly recognized. The priests of the temple, since their influence did not depend upon the support of moral doctrines, were little inclined to condemn ethical speculations as heresy. Socrates might have easily escaped death; and it is typical of the slight opposition of his views to the prevailing religion that his last injunction was to pay a sacrifice to Æsculapius.

Changes in the condition of the world, the progress of speculation, and, above all, the spread of the Roman empire, wrought a gradual revolution in the whole condition of the heathen religious world. Philosophy inevitably encroached upon the domain of religion. The teachers of the Porch or of the Garden were far inferior in intellectual power to Plato or Aristotle; but the questions which occupied their minds were inquiries far more akin to the problems which have perplexed and harassed modern metaphysicians and moralists than were the intellectual enigmas proposed for solution in the groves of the Academy. The nature of free will, the power of Providence, the existence of God, the relation of man to God, the respect due from philosophers to the religion of the people, were all topics which agitated the minds of men after the fall of Grecian freedom and before the Roman Republic gave place to the empire. As centuries rolled on Paganism itself was so revolutionized that the heathenism which was overthrown by Christianity was essentially distinct from the religion of either Greece or

Rome, in the days of their youth and vigor. The gods of all nations had met and mingled at the Capitol; Isis and Anubis claimed more worshippers at Rome than the Capitolean Jupiter. Strange rites of expiation, the Taurobolium and the Criobolium, were invented to appease the growing sense of human guilt and misery. Soothsayers, astronomers, and magicians, swarmed in every corner of the empire; and whilst philosophy itself became mixed up with Theurgy, tales abounded of the gods appearing once more to their worshippers. The unconsciousness and the gayety of the pagan world had deserted it and left but a sense of sin without knowledge of any certain means of atonement, and a desire for happiness without the hope either of liberty in this world or of bliss in another.

M. Döllinger concludes his account of heathendom with an estimate of the moral results flowing from Pagan life and institutions. The picture he draws is a dark one. All the intellect of Greece gradually sank

into cunning, and the countrymen of Socrates and Thucydides became the basest of sycophants to Roman masters. Rome herself fell nearly as low as the races she had conquered. Bravery degenerated into brutality, and combats of gladiators occupied citizens who had ceased to do battle for the state. Slavery ate up the vitals of the people, and the grossest immorality, whilst it degraded both men and women, made marriage an intolerable burden, and the increase of the population an impossibility. On the 19th of December, B.C. 69, the Roman capital was consumed by fire, kindled by Roman hands. When, ten months later, the Temple at Jerusalem was also reduced to ashes, if Romans and Jews of the first century saw but a spark of the hatred of heaven to man, modern writers may be pardoned for perceiving the sign, as it were, that the days of heathenism were numbered, and "that ground was to be cleared for the worship of God in spirit and in truth."

THE MONOGRAM.—The monogram on the sacred standard of Constantine became for a long time conspicuous on Christian monuments in the East and West, and is now carved on most of the sepulchral tablets of modern Italy. Yet there is a mystery about what it really means, without a pretence of anything miraculous as to the way in which it came to be used. It is doubtful whether any one besides the Emperor himself can have known whether he took its upper part to represent the Latin letter P, or the Greek one for R. The great comparative prominence of the said upper part on early monuments, joined to Constantine's ignorance of Greek, inclines us to the former opinion, and perhaps Eusebius as an enthusiastic Oriental gave rise to the latter. There is some evidence that the Roman Emperor Probus brought the monogram, or something like it, from Egypt in the third century. His name and virtues perhaps suggested the appropriation of a sign which had long before been attached to representations of the more popular members of the Ptolemaic dynasty.—*Once a Week.*

SHIP-MAKING IN ENGLAND FOR THE REBELS.—The model of the fixed cupola and armor-plated ship, invented by Mr. Turner, master shipwright of Woolwich dockyard, has been inspected and approved by numbers of the

leading private firms. A few days ago, some of the most eminent ship-builders of Liverpool waited on Mr. Turner with a desire of negotiating permission to adopt his principle in ships which they are about to construct for the purposes of the American war. The single cupola to be fitted on the deck of Mr. Turner's new ship will require no turn-table or other machinery, and will contain twenty-six guns, capable of being fired at any required point or deflection, with sufficient space for the free circulation of the gunners. It is two hundred and thirty feet in length, ten feet in depth, and fifty feet in breadth. The armor-proof plates will be applied by a patent invention of Mr. Turner, requiring neither grooves nor tongues, and will be removable singly in case of fracture or damage, and also easily replaced. The Board of Admiralty, who inspected the model on their visit to the dockyard a few days ago, have called on Mr. Turner to furnish specifications of his method for their consideration. His royal highness Prince Adalbert, Admiral of the Prussian fleet, has also ordered draughts of the model to be transmitted to him for the service of his own country. The ship to be built after Mr. Turner's design will carry 8,700 displacement burden, and will be a most formidable ram, having a powerful weapon of eight feet in length projecting three feet under the water-line. Precautions are adopted to have her rudder, sternpost, and propeller thoroughly immersed, and, consequently, out of the reach of damage from without.—*Liverpool Times.*

From Once a Week.

MEDUSA AND HER LOCKS.

ALONG the sandy shores at low water may be seen in the summer months numbers of round, flattish, gelatinous-looking bodies, scientifically called *Medusæ*, going popularly by the expressive though scarcely euphemious titles of slobs, slobbers, stingers, and stangers, and called jelly fishes by the inland public, though the creatures are not fishes at all, and have no jelly in their composition.

As these *Medusæ* lie on the beach they present anything but agreeable spectacles to the casual observer; and, as a general fact, rather excite disgust than admiration: and it is not until they are swimming, in the free enjoyment of liberty, that they are viewed with any degree of complacency by an unpractised eye. Yet, even in their present helpless and apparently lifeless condition, sunken partially in the sand, and without a movement to show that animation still holds its place in the tissues, there is something worthy of observation and by no means devoid of interest.

In the first place, be it noted that all the *Medusæ* lie in their normal attitudes; and, in spite of their apparently helpless nature, which causes them to be carried about almost at random by the waves or currents, they, in so far, bid defiance to the powers of the sea, that they are not tossed about in all sorts of positions as is usually the case with creatures that are thrown upon the beach, but die, like *Cæsar*, decently, with their mantles wrapped round them.

Looking closer at the *Medusæ*, the observer will find that the substance is by no means homogeneous, but that it is traversed by numerous veinings something like the nervures of a leaf. These marks indicate the almost inconceivably delicate tissues of which the real animated portion of the creature is composed, and which form a network of cells, that enclose a vast proportionate amount of sea-water. If, for example, a *Medusa* weighing some three or four pounds be laid in the sun, the whole animal seems to evaporate, leaving in its place nothing but a little gathering of dry fibres, which hardly weigh as many grains as the original mass weighed pounds. The enclosed water has been examined by competent analysts, and has been found to differ in no perceptible degree from

the water of the sea whence the animal was taken.

Though the cells appear at first sight to be disposed almost at random, a closer investigation will show that a regular arrangement prevails among them, and that they can all be referred to a legitimate organization. So invariably is this the case, that the shape and order of these cells afford valuable characteristics in the classification of these strange beings.

Just below the upper and convex surface may be seen four elliptical marks, arranged so as to form a Maltese cross, and differently colored in the various specimens, carmine, pink, or white. These show the attachments of the curious organization by which food is taken into the system, and may be better examined by taking up the creature, and looking at its under surface.

Now, take one of the *Medusæ*, choosing a specimen that lies near low-water mark, and place it in a tolerably large rock pool, where the water is clear, and where it can be watched for some time without the interruption of the advancing tide.

The apparently inanimate mass straightway becomes instinct with life, its disc contracts in places, and successive undulations roll round its margin, like the wind waves on a cornfield. By degrees the movements become more and more rhythmical; the creature begins to pulsate throughout its whole substance, and before very long it rights itself like a submerged lifeboat, and passes slowly and gracefully through the water, throwing off a thousand iridescent tints from its surface, and trailing after it the appendages which form the Maltese cross above mentioned, together with a vast array of delicate fibres, that take their origin from the edge of the disc, or umbrella, as that wonderful organ is popularly called.

Words cannot express the exceeding beauty and grace of the *Medusa*, as it slowly pulsates its way through the water, rotating, revolving, rising, and sinking with slow and easy undulations, and its surface radiant with rich and changeful hues, like fragments of submarine rainbows. It is often possible, when the water is particularly clear, to stand at the extremity of a pier or jetty, and watch the *Medusæ* as they float past in long processions, carried along by the prevailing cur-

rents, but withal maintaining their position by the exertion of their will.

The reader is doubtlessly aware that the title of Medusa is given to these creatures on account of the trailing fibres that surround the disc, just as the snaky locks of the mythological heroine surrounded her dreadful visage. Many species deserve the name by reason of the exceeding venom of their tresses, which are every whit as terrible to a human being as if they were the veritable vipers of the ancient allegory.

Fortunately for ourselves, the generality of those Medusæ which visit our shores are almost, if not wholly, harmless; but there are some species which are to be avoided as carefully as if each animal were a mass of angry wasps, and cannot safely be approached within a considerable distance. The most common of these venomous beings is the stinger, or stanger, and it is to put sea-bathers on their guard that this article is written, with a sincere hope that none of its readers may meet with the ill-fate of its author.

If the bather, or shore wanderer, should happen to see, either tossing on the waves, or thrown upon the beach, a loose, roundish mass of tawny membranes and fibres, something like a very large handful of lion's mane and silver paper, let him beware of the object, and sacrificing curiosity to discretion, give it as wide a berth as possible. For this is the fearful stinger, scientifically called *Cyanea capillata*, the most plentiful and most redoubtable of our venomous Medusæ.

My first introduction to this creature was a very disastrous one, though I could but reflect afterwards that it might have been even more so. It took place as follows.

One morning towards the end of June, while swimming off the Margate coast, I saw at a distance something that looked like a patch of sand occasionally visible, and occasionally covered, as it were, by the waves, which were then running high in consequence of a lengthened gale which had not long gone down. Knowing the coast pretty well, and thinking that no sand ought to be in such a locality, I swam towards the strange object, and had got within some eight or ten yards of it before finding that it was composed of animal substance. I naturally thought that it must be the refuse of some

animal that had been thrown overboard, and swam away from it, not being anxious to come in contact with so unpleasant a substance.

While still approaching it, I had noticed a slight tingling in the toes of the left foot, but as I invariably suffer from cramp in those regions while swimming, I took the "pins-and-needles" sensation for a symptom of the accustomed cramp, and thought nothing of it. As I swam on, however, the tingling extended further and further, and began to feel very much like the sting of an old nettle. Suddenly, the truth flashed across me, and I made for the shore as fast as I could.

On turning round for that purpose, I raised my right arm out of the water, and found that dozens of slender and transparent threads were hanging from it, and evidently still attached to the Medusa, now some forty or fifty feet away. The filaments were slight and delicate as those of a spider's web, but there the similitude ceased, for each was armed with a myriad poisoned darts that worked their way into the tissues, and affected the nervous system like the stings of wasps.

Before I reached shore the pain had become fearfully severe, and on quitting the cool waves it was absolute torture. Wherever one of the multitudinous threads had come in contact with the skin was a light scarlet line, which, on closer examination, was resolvable into minute dots or pustules, and the sensation was much as if each dot were charged with a red hot needle, gradually making its way through the nerves. The slightest touch of the clothes was agony, and as I had to walk more than two miles before reaching my lodgings, the sufferings endured may be better imagined than described.

Severe, however, as was this pain, it was the least part of the torture inflicted by these apparently insignificant weapons. Both the respiration and the action of the heart became affected, while at short intervals sharp pangs shot through the chest, as if a bullet had passed through the heart and lungs, causing me to stagger as if struck by a leaden missile. Then the pulsation of the heart would cease for a time that seemed an age, and then it would give six or seven leaps as if it would force its way through the chest. Then the lungs would refuse to act, and I stood gasping in vain for breath, as if the arm of a garroter were round my neck. Then the sharp pang would shoot through the chest, and so *da capo*.

After a journey lasting, so far as my feel-

ings went, about two years, I got to my lodgings, and instinctively sought for the salad oil flask. As always happens under such circumstances, it was empty, and I had to wait while another could be purchased. A copious friction with the oil had a sensible effect in alleviating the suffering, though when I happened to catch a glance of my own face in the mirror I hardly knew it—all white, wrinkled, and shrivelled, with cold perspiration standing in large drops over the surface.

How much brandy was administered to me I almost fear to mention, excepting to say that within half an hour I drank as much alcohol as would have intoxicated me over and over again, and yet was no more affected by it than if it had been so much fair water. Several days elapsed before I could walk with any degree of comfort, and for more than three months afterwards the shooting pang would occasionally dart through the chest.

Yet, as before mentioned, the result might have been more disastrous than was the case. Severe as were the effects of the poisoned filaments, their range was extremely limited, extending just above the knee of one leg, the greater part of the right arm, and a few lines on the face, where the water had been splashed by the curling waves. If the injuries had extended to the chest, or over the epigastrium, where so large a mass of nervous matter is collected, I doubt whether I should have been able to reach the shore, or, being there, whether I should have been able to ascend the cutting through the cliffs before the flowing tide had dashed its waves against the white rocks.

It may be easily imagined that so severe a lesson was not lost upon me, and that ever afterwards I looked out very carefully for the tawny mass of fibre and membrane that once had worked me such woe.

On one occasion, after just such a gale as had brought the unwelcome visitant to our shores, I was in a rowing boat with several companions, and came across two more specimens of *Cyanea capillata*, quietly floating along as if they were the most harmless beings that the ocean ever produced. My dearly bought experience was then serviceable to at least one of my companions, who was going to pick up the Medusa as it drifted past us, and was only deterred by a threat of having his wrist damaged by a blow of the stroke oar.

Despite, however, of all precautions, I again fell a victim to the *Cyanea* in the very next season. After taking my usual half-mile swim I turned towards shore, and in due course of time arrived within a reasonable distance of soundings. As all swimmers are

in the habit of doing on such occasions, I dropped my feet to feel for sand or rock, and at the same moment touched something soft, and experienced the well-known tingling sensation in the toes. Off I set to shore, and this time escaped with a tolerably sharp netting about one foot and ankle that rendered boots a torture, but had little further effect. Even this slight attack, however, brought back the spasmodic affection of the heart; and although nearly fourteen months have elapsed since the last time that Medusa shook her venomous locks at me, the shooting pang now and then reminds me of my entanglement with her direful tresses.

For the comfort of intending sea-bathers, it may be remarked that although the effects of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments were so terrible in the present instance, they might be greatly mitigated in those individuals who are blessed with a stouter epidermis, and less sensitive organization than have fallen to the lot of the afflicted narrator. How different, for example, are the effects of a wasp or bee sting on different individuals, being borne with comparative impunity by one, while another is laid up for days by a precisely similar injury. And it may perchance happen that whereas the contact of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments may affect one person with almost unendurable pangs, another may be entangled within their folds with comparative impunity.

As, however, the comparative degree is in this case to be avoided with the utmost care, I repeat the advice given in the earlier portion of this narrative, and earnestly counsel the reader to look out carefully for the stinger, and, above all things, *never to swim across its track*, no matter how distant the animal may be, for the creature can cast forth its envenomed filaments to an almost interminable length, and even when separated from the parent body, each filament, or each fragment thereof, will sting just as fiercely as if still attached to the creature whence it issued. It will be seen, therefore, that the safest plan will always be to keep well in front of any tawny mass that may be seen floating on the waves, and to allow at least a hundred yards before venturing to cross its course. Perhaps this advice may be thought overstrained by the inexperienced.

“Those jest at scars who never felt a wound;”

but he who has purchased a painful knowledge at the cost of many wounds, will deem his courage in nowise diminished if he does his best to keep out of the way of a foe who cares nothing for assaults, who may be cut into a thousand pieces without losing one jot of his offensive powers, and who never can be met on equal terms. J. G. WOOD.

From The Spectator.

MORE WELLINGTON DESPATCHES.*

THIS bulky volume, the ninth of the series of *Supplementary Despatches*, contains six hundred and thirty-eight pages. The despatches and documents signed "Wellington" number one hundred and four, some few of which appeared in the second edition; and the rest of the volume is made up of letters and documents from a great variety of persons; so that Wellington's own writings, as in previous volumes, appear at intervals in the solitary grandeur of larger type, about as thickly as captains of companies in a line of infantry. To the public, therefore, these pages are what a very juvenile critic termed "uneasy reading;" but the student of military and still more of political history will not complain, and it is for their behoof that this extended edition is published. The time covered by these documents is exactly a year from April, 1814, to March, 1815. The first set of papers spring from the consequences of the capture of Paris and the defeat of Soult at Toulouse; the last to the measures adopted in consequence of Napoleon's final throw for empire. We begin with the temporary destruction of his power; we break off on the threshold of its temporary revival. The interval is filled up with the dispersion of Wellington's splendid little army to the four winds of heaven, with the first occupation of Paris, with the complicated negotiations at Paris, and subsequently at Vienna, with the great quarrels for the spoils of victory, the schemes of Prussia on Saxony, and of Alexander upon Poland, and of France and Austria in Italy, with the painful disputes arising out of the American war, and its termination at the peace of Ghent, too late to save Pakenham from his repulse at New Orleans; and with an infinite variety of lesser subjects which disturbed the serenity of the first year of peace since the establishment of the first empire. The despatches of Liverpool, Castlereagh, Goulburn, Bathurst, and men of inferior position, are thickly sown throughout these pages; and hardly a single paper can fail to be of interest to some one desirous of studying the details of special or general questions. Although so few, in com-

parison with the setting in which they are embedded, Wellington's hitherto unpublished papers will be found to possess very great interest, while the writings of his colleagues and the context of events show how rapidly he, without special direct effort, was increasing his influence as a statesman, and gradually and solidly acquiring that position as foremost man of a political party which he held until he died. Nor was his influence confined to his own country. He was a great power upon the continent. No Englishman since the days of Marlborough had achieved such a position abroad, and no Englishman whatever was so much esteemed, trusted, and respected. For he had what Marlborough had not—an unimpeachable character, and although differing from him in so many respects, Wellington in this resembled George Washington more than any other man who has attained the front rank during the last century and a half.

Although in 1810 the prince regent ridiculed the victor of Talavera, although in 1813 Lord Melville was allowed to write to him impertinent despatches, although the poor old king alone in a lucid interval was willing to give him the amplest powers for the conduct of the war in the Peninsula; yet in 1814 the regent was glad to shelter his unpopular person under the shadow of the victorious general, and the ministry trembled lest anything should happen to a man who had made their military fortune, and whose political views were so moderate, sagacious, and practical. In the autumn of 1814 disaffection in Paris and the fear of it were visible to all men except the Bourbons. In October, General Macaulay was of opinion that an outbreak would occur within a few weeks. Wellington, who thought that it "might occur any night," deprecated alarm. But General Macaulay coming to England so frightened the ministry by the picture he drew of "the combustible state of Paris," and the duke's liability to sudden arrest, that Lord Liverpool was most solicitous for the instant departure of the duke, lest the revolution should succeed, and the duke should be detained in spite of his character as ambassador. Would the duke go to Vienna on some pretext of aiding Castlereagh; would he return to England to give evidence on Sir John Murray's court-martial; would he even, for the sake of appear-

* *Supplementary Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.* Edited by his Son. Vol. 9. John Murray.

ances, agree to go to America as commander-in-chief — anything to get him rapidly and safely out of Paris? Wellington, as usual, was willing to obey orders. Mischievous might occur on any night, and he would not be allowed to depart. "I have heard so frequently, and I am inclined to believe it. But I confess I don't like to depart from Paris, and I wish the government would leave the time and mode at my own discretion." While he was of opinion that he "must not be lost," he pointed out that he was bound to withdraw with dignity and without haste. "I think," he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, "government are rather in a hurry, and though I feel no particular wish to remain here, I don't like to be frightened away." The ministry were not calmed. "We shall not feel easy till we hear of your having landed at Dover," wrote Lord Liverpool in November; and while they left him to retire at discretion, they earnestly entreated him not to delay. A rumor of this delicate negotiation got into the papers, and the duke was a little angry. "No man is judge of his own case; but I confess I don't see the necessity of being in a hurry to remove me from this place," he wrote on the 16th, and on the 18th of November he put it more strongly, "I declare it appears to me that we are proceeding on this occasion with a precipitation that circumstances do not at all justify, and that we shall get into disgrace and difficulties which a little patience would enable us to avoid. I must say I feel my own character a little concerned in this transaction." "However," he added, "there is no doubt that I ought to be withdrawn, and I'll go, as soon as I think I can with credit to the government and myself." Of course his colleague could not resist language like this from their general, and he had his own way, staying in Paris until a real necessity carried him to Vienna. This incident illustrates both the character of the duke and the extent of his influence. He had become a necessity, and he knew it.

The position of the duke gave immense weight to his opinions. He was always ready to obey orders; but he was always ready to state what he thought should be said or done in any given case where he had full cognizance of the facts. And he wrote

with effect upon the vital questions agitating the councils of kings and emperors, and threatening a new war. Nothing can be more reasonable or moderate than his view of the American negotiations, on the settlement of the Netherlands, and the more dangerous question of the future of Poland and Saxony. On all these points, too complicated for criticism and too extensive for exposition here, the student will find ample material for reflection in this volume. Let us turn from the graver topics and select a few personal sketches of remarkable men.

There are some curious letters from Colonel Campbell, who was a sort of British agent at Elba. Of course they are taken up mainly with pictures of Napoleon and reports of his conversations. In one of these Colonel Campbell describes Napoleon as ridiculing the alarm which General Stahremberg, then commanding in Tuscany, felt or affected to feel at the presence of some Corsican officers in Elba. It was the policy of Napoleon to soothe the English and represent himself as dead to the world. "He was very happy that I remained here," writes Colonel Campbell, "Pour rompre la chimère. Je ne pense pas de rien dehors de ma petite île. Je pouvais avoir soutenu la guerre pendant vingt années si j'ai voulu cela. Je n'existe plus pour le monde. Je suis un homme mort. Je ne m'occupe que de ma famille, et ma retraite, ma maison, mes vaches et mes poulets." Charming picture had it been true! But Napoleon really dreamed of nothing but the restoration of his empire. Still more interest attaches to the following extract, which gives us a glimpse of a child who has grown to be one of the eminent men of the second empire.

"About three weeks ago," writes Colonel Campbell, on the 17th of September, "a lady with a male child, five or six years of age, arrived here from Leghorn; was received by Napoleon with great attention, a great degree of concealment, and accompanied him immediately to a very retired house in the most remote part of the island, where, after remaining two days, she re-embarked, and, it is said, has gone to Naples. It is universally believed in the island that it is Marie Louise and her child, and it is very generally credited on the opposite coast; but my information leads me to believe that it is a Polish lady from Warsaw, who bore a child to Napoleon a few years ago."

If so, the lady must have been no other than the Countess Walewski, and the child none other than Count Walewski, whose physiognomy bewrays his origin. All the real Bonapartes have some stamp of their race except Napoleon III.

Lord Liverpool had a very smart correspondent at Vienna, Mr. Cooke, and his letters are full of piquant gossip, trenchant sketches of character, some scandal, and very decided political views. They are animated, frank, and most entertaining reading. Here is a very decided sketch of Humboldt as a politician.

"The person most efficient against us is Humboldt. He has talents and industry and perseverance, knows society, and is without principles; and knowing his master's feelings for the Emperor of Russia plays that game to second his own personal views. The King [of Prussia] is not fond of him, but every man likes the person who falls in with his inclinations. His constant policy is to keep the management of things in a small committee of four, trying to govern Hardenberg, and caballing with Nesselrode and Metternich, studiously combating every idea of an assembly of Congress or a public appeal. His early conduct inspired me with distrust, and that distrust is becoming general; and I hope means may be found to expose and defeat him, which are beginning."

Mr. Cooke may have been unjust to Humboldt; but he was a man of sagacity and saw through Alexander. Here is a striking prophecy of what that monarch would do with Poland.

"I have no doubt the emperor will establish something of a vice-regal Government at Warsaw, possibly a Polish Treasury, possibly a judicial appeal to the Warsaw tribunals; and he may raise a mere Polish army, with which he will garrison St. Petersburg and Moscow, whilst he garrisons Warsaw with Russians. But that the emperor will give the Poles a constitution which will put them out of his absolute control is itself in-

credible, even if he had made no declaration on the subject. On arguing, I think, with Lord Stewart, who hinted the dangers from a separate kingdom, he said, 'he ought to know him too well to suppose that he should allow the Poles to be ever out of his control.' No; his aim is not to give constitutions, but to gain power and territory; and if any persons give him credit for a sincere good design, they do him ample injustice. When Prince Hardenberg yields to him from deference to his master, he states the emperor to be the most perfidious, treacherous, usurping character, and infinitely more dangerous than Bonaparte."

Lord Liverpool figures in these volumes as an anxious, sensible, but somewhat timid man. Here are confessions confided in the Christmas of 1814 by Lord Liverpool to the bosom of the Duke of Wellington.

"The more I hear and see of the different courts of Europe, the more I am convinced that the King of France is (amongst the Great Powers) the only sovereign in whom we can have any real confidence. [Imagine that!] The Emperor of Russia is profligate from vanity and self-sufficiency, if not from principle. The King of Prussia may be a well-meaning man, but he is the dupe of the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor of Austria I believe to be an honest man, but he has a minister in whom no one can trust; who considers all policy as consisting in *finesse* and trick; and who has got his Government and himself into more difficulties by his devices than could have occurred from a plain course of dealing."

Here is a gallery of famous men sketched by "eminent hands." It is a pity that some one does not reveal what the ministers of England really thought of their own sovereign George, Prince Regent, so that our gallery might not lack the authentic portrait of any one of the Great Powers. The reader can go to this ninth volume of the *Supplementary Despatches* with the certainty that he will find not only entertainment, but the rough materials of history in abundance.

CHAPTER VII.

AUTUMN soon lapsed into winter; Christmas came and went, bringing, not Ascott, as they hoped, and he had promised, but a very serious evil in the shape of sundry bills of his, which, he confessed in a most piteous letter to his Aunt Hilary, were absolutely unpayable out of his godfather's allowance. They were not large; or would not have seemed so to rich people; and they were for no more blamable luxuries than horse-hire, and a dinner or two to friends out in the country—but they looked serious to a household which rarely was more than five pounds beforehand with the world.

He had begged Aunt Hilary to keep his secret—but that was evidently impossible; so on the day the school-accounts were being written out and sent in, and their amount anxiously reckoned, she laid before her sisters the lad's letter, full of penitence and promises:—

"I will be careful—I will indeed—if you will help me this once, dear Aunt Hilary; and don't think too ill of me. I have done nothing wicked. And you don't know London—you don't know, with a lot of young fellows about one, how very hard it is to say No."

At that unlucky postscript the Misses Leaf sorrowfully exchanged looks. Little the lad thought about it—but these few words were the very sharpest pang Ascott had ever given to his aunts.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." "Like father like son." "The sins of the parents shall be visited on the children." So runs many a proverb; so confirms the unerring decree of a just God, who would not be a just God did he allow himself to break his own righteous laws for the government of the universe; did he falsify the requirements of his own holy and pure being, by permitting any other wages for sin than death. And though, through his mercy, sin forsaken escapes sin's penalty, and every human being has it in his power to modify, if not to conquer, any hereditary moral as well as physical disease, thereby avoiding the doom and alleviating the curse,—still the original law remains in force, and ought to remain, an example and a warning. As true as that every individual sin which a man commits breeds multitudes more, is it that every individual sinner may transmit

his own peculiar type of weakness or wickedness to a whole race, disappearing in one generation, re-appearing in another, exactly the same as physical peculiarities do, requiring the utmost caution of education to counteract the terrible tendencies of nature—the "something in the blood" which is so difficult to eradicate; which may even make the third and fourth generations execrate the memory of him or her who was its origin.

The long life-curse of Henry Leaf the elder, and Henry Leaf the younger, had been—the women of the family well knew—that they were men "who couldn't say No." So keenly were the three sisters alive to this fault—it could hardly be called a crime, and yet in its consequences it was so—so sickening the terror of it which their own wretched experience had implanted in their minds, that during Ascott's childhood and youth, his very fractiousness and roughness, his little selfishness, and his persistence in his own will against theirs, had been hailed by his aunts as a good omen that he would grow up "so unlike his poor father."

If the two unhappy Henry Leafs—father and son—could have come out of their graves that night, and beheld these three women—daughters and sisters—sitting with Ascott's letter on the table, planning how the household's small expenses could be contracted, its smaller luxuries relinquished, in order that the boy might honorably pay for pleasures he might so easily have done without! If they could have seen the weight of apprehension which then sank like a stone on these long-tried hearts, never to be afterwards quite removed, lightened sometimes, but always—however Ascott might promise and amend—always there! On such a discovery, surely, these two "poor ghosts" would have fled away moaning, wishing they had died childless, or that during their mortal lives any amount of self-restraint and self-compulsion had purged from their natures the accursed thing—the sin which had worked itself out in sorrow upon every one belonging to them, years after their own heads were laid in the quiet dust.

"We must do it," was the conclusion the Misses Leaf unanimously came to—even Selina; who, with all her faults, had a fair share of good feeling and of that close clinging to kindred which is found in fallen households, or households whom the sacred

bond of common poverty has drawn together in a way that large, well-to-do home circles can never quite understand. "We must not let the boy remain in debt; it would be such a disgrace to the family."

"It is not the remaining in debt, but the incurring of it, which is the real disgrace to Ascott and the family."

"Hush, Hilary," said Johanna, pointing to the opening door; but it was too late.

Elizabeth, coming suddenly in,—or else the ladies had been so engrossed with their conversation, that they had not noticed her,—had evidently heard every word of the last sentence. Her conscious face showed it; more especially the bright scarlet which covered both her cheeks when Miss Leaf said "Hush!" She stood, apparently irresolute as to whether she should run away again; and then her native honesty got the upper hand, and she advanced into the room.

"If you please, missis, I didn't mean to—but I've heard——"

"What have you heard—that is, how much?"

"Just what Miss Hilary said. Don't be afeard. I sha'n't tell. I never chatter about the family. Mother told me not."

"You owe a great deal, Elizabeth, to your good mother. Now go away."

"And another time," said Miss Selina, "knock at the door."

This was Elizabeth's first initiation into what many a servant has to share—the secret burden of the family. After that day, though they did not actually confide in her, her mistresses used no effort to conceal that they had cares; that the domestic economies must, this winter, be especially studied; there must be no extra fires, no candles left burning to waste; and once a week or so, a few butterless breakfasts or meatless dinners must be partaken of cheerfully, in both parlor and kitchen. The Misses Leaf never stinted their servant in anything in which they did not stint themselves.

Strange to say, in spite of Miss Selina's prophecies, the girl's respectful conduct did not abate; on the contrary, it seemed to increase. The nearer she was lifted to her mistresses' level the more her mind grew, so that she could better understand her mistresses' cares, and the deeper became her consciousness of the only thing which gives

one human being any real authority over another—personal character.

Therefore, though the family means were narrowed, and the family luxuries few, Elizabeth cheerfully put up with all; she even felt a sort of pride in wasting nothing and in making the best of everything as the others did. Perhaps, it may be said, she was an exceptional servant: and yet I would not do her class the wrong to believe so—I would rather believe that there are many such among it; many good, honest, faithful girls, who only need good mistresses unto whom to be honest and faithful, and they would be no less so than Elizabeth Hand.

The months went by—heavy and anxious months; for the school gradually dwindled away, and Ascott's letter—now almost the only connection his aunts had with the outer world, for poverty necessarily diminished even their small Stowbury society—became more and more unsatisfactory; and the want of information in them was not supplied by those other letters, which had once kept Johanna's heart easy concerning the boy.

Mr. Lyon had written once before sailing, nay, after sailing, for he had sent it home by the pilot from the English Channel: then there was, of course, silence. October, November, December, January, February, March—how often did Hilary count the months, and wonder how soon a letter could come, whether a letter ever would come again! And sometimes—the sharp present stinging her with its small daily pains, the future looking dark before her and them all—she felt so forlorn, so forsaken, that but for a certain tiny wellspring of hope, which rarely dries up till long after three-and-twenty, she could have sat down and sighed, "My good days are done."

Rich people break their hearts much sooner than poor people; that is, they more easily get into that morbid state which is glorified by the term, "a broken heart." Poor people cannot afford it. Their constant labor "physics pain." Their few and narrow pleasures seldom pall. Holy poverty! black as its dark side is, it has its bright side too, that is, when it is honest, fearless, free from selfishness, wastefulness, and bickerings; above all, free from the terror of debt.

"We'll starve—we'll go into the work-house rather than we'll go into debt!" cried Hilary once, in a passion of tears, when she

was in sore want of a shawl, and Selina urged her to get it, and wait till she could pay for it. "Yes;—the workhouse! It would be less shame to be honorably indebted to the laws of the land than to be meanly indebted, under false pretences, to any individual in it."

And when, in payment for some accidental lessons, she got next month enough money to buy a shawl, and a bonnet too—nay, by great ingenuity, another bonnet for Johanna—Hilary could have danced and sung,—sung, in the gladness and relief of her heart, the glorious euthanasia of poverty.

But these things happened only occasionally; the daily life was hard still, ay, very hard, even though at last came the letter from "foreign parts;" and following it, at regular intervals, other letters. They were full of facts rather than feelings,—simple, straightforward; worth little as literary compositions; schoolmaster and learned man as he was, there was nothing literary or poetical about Mr. Lyon; but what he wrote was like what he spoke, the accurate reflection of his own clear original mind and honest tender heart.

His letters gave none the less comfort because, nominally, they were addressed to Johanna. This might have been from some crotchet of over-reserve, or delicacy, or honor—the same which made him part from her for years, with no other word than, "You must trust me, Hilary;" but whatever it was she respected it, and she did trust him. And whether Johanna answered his letters or not, month by month they unfailingly came, keeping her completely informed of all his proceedings, and letting out, as epistles written from over the seas often do, much more of himself and his character than he was probably aware he betrayed.

And Hilary, whose sole experience of mankind had been the scarcely remembered father, the too-well-remembered brother, and the anxiously watched nephew, thanked God that there seemed to be one man in the world whom a woman could lean her heart upon, and not feel the support break like a reed beneath her—one man whom she could entirely believe in, and safely and sacredly trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME slipped by. Robert Lyon had been away more than three years. But in the mo-

notonous life of the three sisters at Stowbury nothing was changed:—except, perhaps, Elizabeth, who had grown quite a woman; might have passed almost for thirty; so solidly old-fashioned were her figure and her manners.

Ascott Leaf had finished his walking the hospitals and his examinations, and was now fitted to commence practice for himself. His godfather had still continued his allowance, though once or twice, when he came down to Stowbury, he had asked his aunts to help him in some small debts—the last time in one a little more serious; when, after some sad and sore consultation, it had been resolved to tell him he must contrive to live within his own allowance. For they were poorer than they used to be; many more schools had arisen in the town, and theirs had dwindled away. It was becoming a source of serious anxiety whether they could possibly make ends meet; and when, the next Christmas, Ascott sent them a five-pound note—an actual five-pound note, together with a fond, grateful letter that was worth it all—the aunts were deeply thankful, and very happy.

But still the school declined. One night they were speculating upon the causes of this, and Hilary was declaring, in a half-jocular, half-earnest way, that it must be because a prophet is never a prophet in his own country.

"The Stowbury people will never believe how clever I am. Only, it is a useless sort of cleverness, I fear. Greek, Latin, and mathematics are no good to infants under seven, such as Stowbury persists in sending to us."

"They think I am only fit to teach little children—and perhaps it is true," said Miss Leaf.

"I wish you had not to teach at all. I wish I was a daily governess—I might be, and earn enough to keep the whole family; only, not here."

"I wonder," said Johanna thoughtfully, "if we shall have to make a change."

"A change!" It almost pained the elder sister to see how the younger brightened up at the word. "Where to—London? Oh, I have so longed to go and live in London! But I thought you would not like it, Johanna."

That was true. Miss Leaf, whom feeble

health had made prematurely old, would willingly have ended her days in the familiar town;—but Hilary was young and strong. Johanna called to mind the days when she too had felt that rest was only another name for dulness; and when the most difficult thing possible to her was what seemed now so easy—to sit down and endure.

Besides, unlike herself, Hilary had her life all before her. It might be a happy life, safe in a good man's tender keeping: those un-failing letters from India seemed to prophesy that it would. But no one could say. Miss Leaf's own experience had not led her to place much faith in either men or happiness.

Still, whatever Hilary's future might be, it would likely be a very different one from that quiet, colorless life of hers. And as she looked at her young sister, with the twilight glow on her face—they were taking an evening stroll up and down the terrace—Johanna hoped and prayed it might be so. Her own lot seemed easy enough for herself; but for Hilary—she would like to see Hilary something better than a poor schoolmistress at Stowbury.

No more was said at that time, but Johanna had the deep, still, Mary-like nature, which “kept” things, and “pondered them in her heart;” so that when the subject came up again she was able to meet it with that sweet calmness which was her especial characteristic—the unruffled peace of a soul which no worldly storms could disturb over-much, for it had long since cast anchor in the world unseen.

The chance which revived the question of the Great Metropolitan Hegira, as Hilary called it, was a letter from Mr. Ascott, as follows:—

“MISS LEAF.

“MADAM,—I shall be obliged by your informing me if it is your wish, as it seems to be your nephew's, that instead of returning to Stowbury, he should settle in London as a surgeon and general practitioner?

“His education complete, I consider that I have done my duty by him: but I may assist him occasionally still, unless he turns out—as his father did before him—a young man who prefers being helped to helping himself, in which case I shall have nothing more to do with him. I remain, madam, your obedient servant,

“PETER ASCOTT.”

The sisters read this letter, passing it
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round the table, none of them apparently liking to be the first to comment upon it. At length Hilary said,—

“I think that reference to poor Henry is perfectly brutal.”

“And yet he was very kind to Henry. And if it had not been for his common sense in sending poor little Ascott and the nurse down to Stowbury, the baby might have died. But you don't remember anything of that time, my dear,” said Johanna, sighing.

“He has been kind enough, though he has done it in such a patronizing way,” observed Selina. “I suppose that's the real reason of his doing it. He thinks it fine to patronize us, and show kindness to our family; he, the stout, bullet-headed grocer's boy, who used to sit and stare at us all church-time.”

“At you, you mean. Wasn't he called your beau?” said Hilary, mischievously, upon which Selina drew herself up in great indignation.

And then they fell to talking of that anxious question—Ascott's future. A little they reproached themselves that they had left the lad so long in London—so long out of the influence that might have counteracted the evil, sharply hinted in his god-father's letter. But once away—to lure him back to their poor home was impossible.

“Suppose we were to go to him,” suggested Hilary.

The poor and friendless possess one great advantage—they have nobody to ask advice of; nobody to whom it matters much what they do or where they go. The family mind has but to make itself up, and act accordingly. Thus within an hour or two of the receipt of Mr. Ascott's letter, Hilary went into the kitchen, and told Elizabeth that as soon as her work was done, Miss Leaf wished to have a little talk with her.

“Eh! what's wrong? Has Miss Selina been a-grumbling at me?”

Elizabeth was in one of her bad humors, which, though of course they never ought to have, servants do have as well as their superiors. Hilary perceived this, by the way she threw the coals on, and tossed the chairs about. But to-day her heart was full of far more serious cares than Elizabeth's ill-temper. She replied composedly,—

“I have not heard that either of my sisters is displeased with you. What they

want to talk to you about is for your own good. We are thinking of making a great change. We intend leaving Stowbury, and going to live in London."

"Going to live in London!"

Now, quick as her tact and observation were—her heart taught her these things—Elizabeth's head was a thorough Saxon one, slow to receive impressions. It was a family saying, that nothing was so hard as to put a new idea into Elizabeth, except to get it out again.

For this reason Hilary preferred paving the way quietly; before startling her with the sudden intelligence of their contemplated change.

"Well, what do you say to the plan?" asked she, good-humoredly.

"I dunnot like it at all," was the brief gruff answer of Elizabeth Hand.

Now it was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines, that no human being is good for much unless he or she has what is called "a will of one's own." Perhaps this, like many another creed, was with her the result of circumstances. But she held it firmly. With that exaggerated one-sidedness of feeling which any bitter family or personal experience is sure to leave behind—a strong will was her first attraction to everybody. It had been so in the case of Robert Lyon: and not less in Elizabeth's.

But this quality has its inconveniences. When the maid began sweeping up her hearth with a noisy angry gesture, the mistress did the wisest and most dignified thing a mistress could do under the circumstances, and which she knew was the sharpest rebuke she could administer to the sensitive Elizabeth—she immediately quitted the kitchen.

For an hour after, the parlor bell did not ring; and though it was washing-day, no Miss Hilary appeared to help in folding up the clothes. Elizabeth, subdued and wretched, waited till she could wait no longer; then knocked at the door, and asked humbly if she should bring in supper.

The extreme kindness of the answer—to the effect that she must come in, as they wanted to speak to her, crushed the lingering fragments of ill-humor out of the girl.

"Miss Hilary has told you our future plans, Elizabeth; now we wish to have a little talk with you about yours."

"Eh?"

"We conclude you will not wish to go with us to London; and it would be hardly advisable you should. You can get higher wages now than any we can afford to give you; indeed, we have more than once thought of telling you so, and offering you your choice of trying for a better place."

"You're very kind," was the answer, stolid rather than grateful.

"No; I think we are merely honest. We should never think of keeping a girl upon lower wages than she was worth. Hitherto, however, the arrangement has been quite fair—you know, Elizabeth, you have given us a deal of trouble in the teaching of you." And Miss Leaf smiled, half sadly, as if this, the first of the coming changes, hurt her more than she liked to express. "Come, my girl," she added, "you needn't look so serious. We are not in the least vexed with you; we shall be very sorry to lose you, and we will give you the best of characters when you leave."

"I dunnot—mean—to leave."

Elizabeth threw out the words like pellets, in a choked fashion, and disappeared suddenly from the parlor.

"Who would have thought it!" exclaimed Selina; "I declare the girl was crying."

No mistake about that; though when, a few minutes after, Miss Hilary entered the kitchen, Elizabeth tried in a hurried, shamefaced way to hide her tears by being very busy over something. Her mistress took no notice, but began, as usual on washing-days, to assist in various domestic matters, in the midst of which she said quietly,—

"And so, Elizabeth, you would really like to go to London?"

"No! I shouldn't like it at all; never said I should. But if you go, I shall go too; though missis is so ready to get shut o' me."

"It was for your own good, you know."

"You always said it was for a girl's good to stop in one place; and if you think I'm going to another—I aren't, that's all."

Rude as the form of the speech was—almost the first rude speech that Elizabeth had ever made to Miss Hilary, and which under other circumstances she would have felt bound severely to reprove, the mistress passed it over. That which lay beneath it, the sharpness of wounded love, touched her heart. She felt that for all the girl's rough

manner, it would have been hard to go into her London kitchen, and meet a strange London face, instead of that fond homely one of Elizabeth.

Still, she thought it right to explain to her, that London life might have many difficulties, that, for the present at least, her wages could not be raised, and the family might at first be in even more straitened circumstances than they were at Stowbury.

"Only at first, though, for I hope to find plenty of pupils. And by and by our nephew will get into practice."

"Is it on account of him you're going, Miss Hilary?"

"Chiefly."

Elizabeth gave a grunt, which said as plainly as words could say, "I thought so," and relapsed into what she, no doubt, believed to be virtuous indignation, but which, as it was testified against the wrong parties, was open to the less favorable interpretation of ill-humor—a small injustice not uncommon with us all.

I do not pretend to paint this young woman as a perfect character. She had her fierce dislikes, as well as her strong fidelities; her faults within and without, which had to be struggled with—as all of us have to struggle to the very end of our days. Oftentimes not till the battle is nigh over—sometimes not till it is quite over—does God give us the victory.

Without more discussion on either side, it was agreed that Elizabeth should accompany her mistresses. Even Mrs. Hand seemed to be pleased thereat, her only doubt being lest her daughter should meet and be led astray by that bad woman Mrs. Cliffe, Tommy Cliffe's mother—who was reported to have gone to London. But Miss Hilary explained that this meeting was about as probable as the rencontre of two needles in a hayrick; and besides, Elizabeth was not the sort of girl to be easily "led astray" by anybody.

"No, no; her's a good wench, though I says it," replied the mother, who was too hard worked to have much sentiment to spare. "I wish the little 'uns may take pattern by our Elizabeth. You'll send her home, maybe, in two or three years' time, to let us have a look at her?"

Miss Hilary promised, and then took her way back through the familiar old town—so

soon to be familiar no more—thinking anxiously, in spite of herself, upon those two or three years, and what they might bring.

It happened to be a notable day—that sunshiny 28th of June—when the little, round-cheeked damsel, who is a grandmother now, had the crown of three kingdoms first set upon her youthful head; and Stowbury, like every other town in the land, was a perfect bower of green arches, garlands, banners; white-covered tables were spread in the open air, down almost every street, where poor men dined, or poor women drank tea; and everybody was out and abroad, looking at or sharing in the holiday-making, wild with merriment, and brimming over with passionate loyalty to the Maiden Queen.

That day is now twenty-four years ago; but all those who remember it must own there never has been a day like it, when all over the country, every man's heart throbbed with chivalrous devotion, every woman's with womanly tenderness, towards this one royal girl, who—God bless her!—has lived to retain and deserve it all.

Hilary called for, and protected through the crowd, the little, timid, widow lady who had taken off the Misses Leaf's hands their house and furniture, and whom they had made very happy—as the poor often can make those still poorer than themselves—by refusing to accept anything for the "good-will" of the school. Then she was fetched by Elizabeth, who had been given a whole afternoon's holiday; and mistress and maid went together home, watching the last of the festivities, the chattering groups that still lingered in the twilight streets, and listening to the merry notes of the "Triumph" which came down through the lighted windows of the Town Hall, where the open-air tea-drinkers had adjourned to dance country dances, by civic permission, and in perfectly respectable jollity.

"I wonder," said Hilary—while, despite some natural regret, her spirit stretched itself out eagerly from the narrowness of the place where she was born into the great, wide world; the world where so many grand things were thought and written and done; the world Robert Lyon had so long fought with, and was fighting bravely still—"I wonder, Elizabeth, what sort of place London is, and what our life will be in it?"

Elizabeth said nothing. For the moment her face seemed to catch the reflected glow of her mistress', and then it settled down into that look of mingled resistance and resolution which was habitual to her. For the life that was to be, which neither knew—oh, if they had known!—she also was prepared.

CHAPTER IX.

THE day of the Grand Hegira came.

"I remember," said Miss Leaf, as they rumbled for the last time through the empty morning streets of poor old Stowbury, "I remember my grandmother telling me that when my grandfather was courting her, and she out of coquetry refused him, he set off on horseback to London, and she was so wretched to think of all the dangers he ran on the journey, and in London itself, that she never rested till she got him back, and then immediately married him."

"No such catastrophe is likely to happen to any of us, except perhaps to Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary, trying to get up a little feeble mirth, anything to pass away the time and lessen the pain of parting, which was almost too much for Johanna. "What do you say? Do you mean to get married in London, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth could make no answer, even to kind Miss Hilary. They had not imagined she felt the leaving her native place so much. She had watched intently the last glimpse of Stowbury church tower, and now sat with reddened eyes, staring blankly out of the carriage window—

"Silent as a stone."

Once or twice a large slow tear gathered on each of her eyes, but it was shaken off angrily from the high cheek-bones, and never settled into absolute crying. They thought it best to take no notice of her. Only, when reaching the new small station, where the "resonant steam-eagles" were, for the first time, beheld by the innocent Stowbury ladies, there arose a discussion as to the manner of travelling. Miss Leaf said decidedly—"Second class,—and then we can keep Elizabeth with us." Upon which Elizabeth's mouth melted into something between a quiver and a smile.

Soon it was all over, and the little household was compressed into the humble second-class carriage, cheerless and cushionless,

whirling through indefinite England in a way that confounded all their geography and topography. Gradually as the day darkened into heavy chilly July rain, the scarcely kept-up spirits of the four passengers began to sink. Johanna grew very white and worn, Selina became, to use Ascott's phrase, "as cross as two sticks," and even Hilary, turning her eyes from the gray sodden-looking landscape without, could find no spot of comfort to rest on within the carriage, except that round rosy face of Elizabeth Hand.

Whether it was from the spirit of contradiction existing in most such natures, which, especially in youth, are more strong than sweet, or from a bitter feeling, the fact was noticeable, that when every one else's spirits went down Elizabeth's went up. Nothing could bring her out of a "grumpy" fit so satisfactorily as her mistresses' falling into one. When Miss Selina now began to fidget hither and thither, each tone of her fretful voice seeming to go through her elder sister's every nerve, till even Hilary said, impatiently, "O Selina, can't you be quiet?" then Elizabeth rose from her depth of gloomy discontent up to the surface immediately.

She was only a servant; but Nature bestows that strange vague thing that we term "force of character" independently of position. Hilary often remembered afterwards how much more comfortable the end of the journey was than she had expected—how Johanna lay at ease, with her feet on Elizabeth's lap, wrapped in Elizabeth's best woollen shawl; and how, when Selina's whole attention was turned to an ingenious contrivance with a towel and fork and Elizabeth's basket, for stopping the rain out of the carriage-roof—she became far less disagreeable, and even a little proud of her own cleverness. And so there was a temporary lull in Hilary's cares, and she could sit quiet, with her eyes fixed on the rainy landscape, which she did not see, and her thoughts wandering towards that unknown place and unknown life into which they were sweeping, as we all sweep, ignorantly, unresistingly, almost unconsciously, into new destinies. Hilary, for the first time, began to doubt of theirs. Anxious as she had been to go to London, and wise as the proceeding appeared, now that the die was cast and the cable cut, the old

simple peaceful life at Stowbury grew strangely dear.

"I wonder if we shall ever go back again, or what is to happen to us before we do go back," she thought, and turned with a half-defined fear, towards her elder sister, who looked so old and fragile beside that sturdy healthy servant-girl;—"Elizabeth!" and Elizabeth, rubbing Miss Leaf's feet, started at the unwonted sharpness of Miss Hilary's tone—"there; I'll do that for my sister. Go and look out of the window at London."

For the great smoky cloud which began to rise in the rainy horizon was indeed London. Soon through the thickening nebula of houses they converged to what was then the nucleus of all railway travelling, the Euston Terminus, and were hustled on to the platform, and jostled helplessly to and fro—these poor country ladies! Anxiously they scanned the crowd of strange faces for the one only face they knew in the great metropolis—which did not appear.

"It is very strange—very wrong of Ascott. Hilary, you surely told him the hour correctly? For once, at least, he might have been in time."

So chafed Miss Selina, while Elizabeth, who, by some miraculous effort of intuitive genius, had succeeded in collecting the luggage, was now engaged in defending it from all comers, especially porters, and making of it a comfortable seat for Miss Leaf.

"Nay, have patience, Selina. We will give him just five minutes more, Hilary."

And Johanna set down, with her sweet, calm, long-suffering face turned upwards to that younger one, which was, as youth is apt to be, hot and worried and angry. And so they waited till the terminus was almost deserted, and the last cab had driven off, when, suddenly, dashing up the station-yard out of another, came Ascott.

He was so sorry, so very sorry, downright grieved, at having kept his aunts waiting. But his watch was wrong—some fellows at dinner detained him—the train was before its time surely. In fact, his aunts never quite made out what the excuse was; but they looked into his bright handsome face, and their wrath melted like clouds before the sun. He was so gentlemanly, so well dressed—much better dressed than even at Stowbury—and he seemed so unfeignedly

glad to see them. He handed them all into the cab—even Elizabeth, though whispering meanwhile to his Aunt Hilary, "What on earth did you bring her for?"—and then was just going to leap on to the box himself, when he stopped to ask "Where he should tell cabby to drive to?"

"Where to?" repeated his aunts in undisguised astonishment. They had never thought of anything but of being taken home at once by their boy.

"You see," Ascott said, in a little confusion, "you wouldn't be comfortable with me. A young fellow's lodgings are not like a house of one's own, and, besides——"

"Besides, when a young fellow is ashamed of his old aunts, he can easily find reasons."

"Hush, Selina," interposed Miss Leaf. "My dear boy, your old aunts would never let you inconvenience yourself for them. Take us to an inn for the night, and to-morrow we will find lodgings for ourselves."

Ascott looked greatly relieved.

"And you are not vexed with me, Aunt Johanna?" said he, with something of his old childish tone of compunction, as he saw—he could not help seeing—the utter weariness which Johanna tried so hard to hide.

"No, my dear, not vexed. Only I wish we had known this a little sooner, that we might have made arrangements. Now, where shall we go?"

Ascott mentioned a dozen hotels, but they found he only knew them by name. At last Miss Leaf remembered one, which her father used to go to, on his frequent journeys to London, and whence, indeed, he had been brought home to die. And though all the recollections about it were sad enough, still it felt less strange than the rest, in this dreariness of London. So she proposed going to the "Old Bell," Holborn.

"A capital place!" exclaimed Ascott eagerly. "And I'll take and settle you there; and we'll order supper, and make a jolly night of it. All right! Drive on, cabby!"

He jumped on the box, and then looked in mischievously, flourishing his lit cigar, and shaking his long hair—his Aunt Selina's two great abominations—right in her indignant face: but withal looking so merry and good-tempered, that she shortly softened into a smile.

"How handsome the boy is growing!"

"Yes," said Johanna, with a slight sigh; "and did you notice? how exceedingly like his——"

The sentence was left unfinished. Alas! if every young man, who believes his faults and follies injure himself alone, could feel what it must be, years afterwards, to have his nearest kindred shrink from saying, as the saddest, most ominous thing they could say of his son, that the lad is growing "so like his father!"

It might have been — they assured each other that it was — only the incessant roll, roll of the street sounds below their windows which kept the Misses Leaf awake half the night of this their first night in London. And when they sat down to breakfast—having waited an hour vainly for their nephew—it might have been only the gloom of the little parlor which cast a slight shadow over them all. Still, the shadow was there.

It deepened, despite the sunshiny morning into which the last night's rain had brightened, till Holborn Bars looked cheerful, and Holborn pavement actually clean, so that, as Elizabeth said, "you might eat your dinner off it," which was the one only thing she condescended to approve in London. She had sat all evening mute in her corner, for Miss Leaf would not send her away into the *terra incognita* of a London hotel. Ascott, at first considerably annoyed at the presence of what he called a "skeleton at the feast," had afterwards got over it, and run on with a mixture of childish glee and mannish pomposity about his plans and intentions—how he meant to take a house, he thought, in one of the squares, or a street leading out of them; how he would put up the biggest of brass plates, with "Mr. Leaf, surgeon," and soon get an extensive practice, and have all his aunts to live with him. And his aunts had smiled and listened, forgetting all about the silent figure in the corner, who perhaps had gone to sleep, or had also listened.

"Elizabeth, come and look out at London."

So she and Miss Hilary whiled away another three-quarters of an hour watching and commenting on the incessantly shifting crowd which swept past Holborn Bars. Miss Selina sometimes looked out too, but more often sat fidgeting and wondering why Ascott did not come; while Miss Leaf who

never fidgeted, became gradually more and more silent. Her eyes were fixed on the door, with an expression which, if Hilary could have remembered so far back, would have been to her something, not painfully new, but still more painfully old—a look branded into her face by many an hour's anxious listening for the footstep that never came, or only came to bring distress. It was the ineffaceable token of that long, long struggle between affection and conscience, pity and scarcely repressible contempt, which for more than one generation, had been the appointed burden of this family—at least, the women of it—till sometimes it seemed to hang over them almost like a fate.

About noon, Miss Leaf proposed calling for the hotel bill. Its length so alarmed the country ladies, that Hilary suggested not staying to dine, but going immediately in search of lodgings.

"What, without a gentleman! Impossible! I always understood ladies could go nowhere in London without a gentleman!"

"We shall come very ill off then, Selina. But anyhow, I mean to try. You know the region where, we have heard, lodgings are cheapest and best—that is, best for us. It cannot be far from here. Suppose I start at once?"

"What, alone?" cried Johanna, anxiously.

"No, dear. I'll take the map with me, and Elizabeth. She is not afraid."

Elizabeth smiled, and rose, with that air of dogged devotedness with which she would have prepared to follow Miss Hilary to the North Pole, if necessary. So, after a few minutes of arguing with Selina, who did not press her point overmuch, since she herself had not to commit the impropriety of the expedition. After a few minutes more of hopeless lingering about—till even Miss Leaf said they had better wait no longer—mistress and maid took a farewell nearly as pathetic as if they had been in reality Arctic voyagers, and plunged right into the dusty glare and hurrying crowd of the "sunny side" of Holborn in July.

A strange sensation, and yet there was something exhilarating in it. The intense solitude that there is in a London crowd, these country girls—for Miss Hilary herself was no more than a girl—could not as yet realize. They only felt the life of it; stir-

ring, active, incessantly moving life—even though it was of a kind that they knew as little of it as the crowd did of them. Nothing struck Hilary more than the self-absorbed look of passers-by; each so busy on his own affairs, that, in spite of Selina's alarm, for all notice taken of them, they might as well be walking among the cows and horses in Stowbury field.

Poor old Stowbury! They felt how far away they were from it, when a ragged, dirty, vicious-looking girl offered them a moss rose-bud for "one penny, only one penny," which Elizabeth, lagging behind, bought, and found it only a broken-off bud stuck on to a bit of wire.

"That's London ways, I suppose," said she, severely, and became so misanthropic that she would hardly vouchsafe a glance to the handsome square they turned into, and merely observed of the tall houses, taller than any Hilary had ever seen, that she "wouldn't fancy running up and down them stairs."

But Hilary was cheerful in spite of all. She was glad to be in this region, which, theoretically, she knew by heart—glad to find herself in the body, where in the spirit she had come so many a time. The mere consciousness of this seemed to refresh her. She thought she would be much happier in London; that in the long years to come that must be borne, it would be good for her to have something to do as well as to hope for; something to fight with as well as to endure. Now more than ever came pulsing in and out of her memory a line once repeated in her hearing, with an observation of how "true" it was. And though originally it was applied by a man to a woman, and she smiled sometimes to think how "unfeminine" some people—Selina, for instance—would consider her turning it the other way; still she did so. She believed, that, for woman as for man, that is the purest and noblest love which is the most self-existent, most independent of love returned, and which can say, each to the other, equally on both sides, that the whole solemn purpose of life is, under God's service,—

"If not to win, to feel more worthy thee."

Such thoughts made her step firmer and her heart lighter, so that she hardly noticed the distance they must have walked, till the

close London air began to oppress her, and the smooth glaring London pavements made her Stowbury feet ache sorely.

"Are you tired, Elizabeth? Well, we'll rest soon. There must be lodgings near here. Only I can't quite make out——"

As Miss Hilary looked up to the name of the street, the maid noticed what a glow came into her mistress' face, pale and tired as it was. Just then a church clock struck the quarter-hour.

"That must be St. Pancras. And this—yes, this is Burton Street, Burton Crescent."

"I'm sure missis wouldn't like to live there," observed Elizabeth, eying uneasily the gloomy *rez-de-chaussée*, familiar to many a generation of struggling respectability, where, in the decadence of the season, every second house bore the announcement, "Apartments furnished."

"No," Miss Hilary replied, absently. Yet she continued to walk up and down, the whole length of the street; then passed out into the dreary, deserted-looking Crescent, where the trees were already beginning to fade; not, however, into the bright autumn tint of country woods, but into a premature withering, ugly and sad to behold.

"I am glad he is not here—glad, glad!" thought Hilary, as she realized the unutterable dreariness of those years, when Robert Lyon lived and studied in his garret from month's end to month's end—these few dusty trees being the sole memento of the green country life in which he had been brought up, and which she knew he so passionately loved. Now, she could understand that "calenture" which he had sometimes jestingly alluded to as coming upon him at times, when he felt literally sick for the sight of a green field or a hedge full of birds. She wondered whether the same feeling would ever come upon her, in this strange desert of London, the vastness of which grew upon her every hour.

She was glad he was away; yes, heart-glad! And yet, if, this minute, she could only have seen him coming round the Crescent, have met his smile, and the firm, warm clasp of his hand——

For an instant there rose up in her one of those wild, rebellious outcries against fate, when to have to waste years of this brief life of ours in the sort of semi-existence that living is, apart from the treasure of the heart.

and delight of the eyes, seems so cruelly, cruelly hard!

"Miss Hilary."

She started, and "put herself under lock and key" immediately.

"Miss Hilary; you do look so tired!"

"Do I? Then we will go and sit down in this baker's shop, and get rested and fed. We cannot afford to wear ourselves out, you know. We have a great deal to do to-day."

More indeed than she calculated, for they walked up one street and down another, investigating at least twenty lodgings before any appeared which seemed fit for them. Yet some place must be found where Johanna's poor, tired head could rest that night. At last, completely exhausted, with that oppressive exhaustion which seems to crush mind as well as body after a day's wandering in London, Hilary's courage began to ebb. Oh, for an arm to lean on, a voice to listen for, a brave heart to come to her side, saying, "Do not be afraid, there are two of us!" And she yearned, with an absolutely sick yearning such as only a woman who now and then feels the utter helplessness of her womanhood, can know, for the only arm she cared to lean on, the only voice dear enough to bring her comfort, the only heart that she felt she could trust.

Poor Hilary! And yet why pity her? To her three alternatives could but happen: were Robert Lyon true to her, she would be his, entirely and devotedly, to the end of her days; did he forsake her, she would forgive him; should he die, she would be faithful to him eternally. Love of this kind may know anguish, but not the sort of anguish that lesser and weaker loves do. If it is certain of nothing else, it can always be certain of itself.

"Its will is strong:

It suffers; but it cannot suffer long."

And even in its utmost pangs is an underlying peace which often approaches to absolute joy.

Hilary roused herself, and bent her mind steadily on lodgings till she discovered one, from the parlor of which you could see the trees of Burton Crescent, and hear the sound of Saint Pancras clock.

"I think we may do here—at least for a while," said she cheerfully; and then Eliza-

beth heard her inquiring if an extra bedroom could be had if necessary.

There was only one small attic. "Ascott never could put up with that," said Hilary, half to herself. Then suddenly—"I think I will go and see Ascott before I decide. Elizabeth, will you go with me, or remain here?"

"I'll go with you, if you please, Miss Hilary." ("If you please," sounded not unlike "if I please," and Elizabeth had gloomed over a little.) "Is Mr. Ascott to live with us?"

"I suppose so."

No more words were interchanged till they reached Gower Street, when Miss Hilary observed, with evident surprise, what a handsome street it was.

"I must have made some mistake. Still we will find out Mr. Ascott's number, and inquire."

No, there was no mistake. Mr. Ascott Leaf had lodged there for three months, but had given up his rooms that very morning.

"Where had he gone to?"

The servant—a London lodging-house servant all over—didn't know; but she fetched the landlady, who was after the same pattern of the dozen London landladies with whom Hilary had that day made acquaintance, only a little more Cockney, smirking, dirty, and tawdrily fine.

"Yes, Mr. Leaf had gone, and he hadn't left no address. Young college gentlemen often found it convenient to leave no address. P'raps he would, if he'd known there would be a young lady a calling to see him."

"I am Mr. Leaf's aunt," said Hilary, turning as hot as fire.

"Oh, in-deed," was the answer, with civil incredulosity.

But the woman was sharp of perception—as often-cheated London landladies learn to be. After looking keenly at mistress and maid, she changed her tone; nay, even launched out into praises of her late lodger; what a pleasant gentleman he was; what good company he kept, and how he had promised to recommend her apartments to his friends.

"And as for the little some'at of rent, miss—tell him it makes no matter, he can pay me when he likes. If he don't call soon, p'raps I might make bold to send his trunk and his books over to Mr. Ascott's of

—dear me, I forget the number and the square—”

Hilary unsuspiciously supplied both.

“Yes, that’s it—the old gentleman as Mr. Leaf went to dine with every other Sunday, a very rich old gentleman, who, he says, is to leave him all his money. Maybe a relation of yours, miss?”

“No,” said Hilary; and adding something about the landlady’s hearing from Mr. Leaf very soon, she hurried out of the house, Elizabeth following.

“Wont you be tired if you walk so fast, Miss Hilary?”

Hilary stopped, choking. Helplessly she looked up and down the forlorn, wide, glaring, dusty street; now sinking into the dull shadow of a London afternoon.

“Let us go home!” And at the word, a sob burst out—just one passionate pent-up sob. No more. She could not afford to waste strength in crying.

“As you say, Elizabeth, I am getting tired; and that will not do. Let me see; something must be decided.” And she stood still, passing her hand over her hot brow and eyes. “I will go back and take the lodgings, leave you there to make all comfortable, and then fetch my sisters from the hotel. But stay first, I have forgotten something.”

She returned to the house in Gower Street, and wrote on one of her cards an address—the only permanent address she could think of—that of the city broker who was in the habit of paying them their yearly income of £50.

“If any creditors inquire for Mr. Leaf,

give them this. His friends may always hear of him at the London University.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” replied the now civil landlady. “Indeed, I wasn’t afraid of the young gentleman giving us the slip. For though he was careless in his bills, he was every inch the gentleman. And I wouldn’t object to take him in again. Or p’raps you yourself, ma’am, might be a-wanting rooms.”

“No, I thank you. Good-morning.” And Hilary hurried away.

Not a word did she say to Elizabeth, or Elizabeth to her, till they got into the dull, dingy parlor—henceforth to be their sole apology for “home:” and then she only talked about domestic arrangements: talked fast and eagerly, and tried to escape the affectionate eyes which she knew were so sharp and keen. Only to escape them—not to blind them; she had long ago found out that Elizabeth was too quick-witted for that, especially in anything that concerned “the family.” She felt convinced the girl had heard every syllable that passed at Ascott’s lodgings; that she knew all that was to be known, and guessed what was to be feared, as well as Hilary herself.

“Elizabeth”—she hesitated long, and doubted whether she should say the thing, before she did say it—“remember we are all strangers in London, and family matters are best kept within the family. Do not mention either in writing home, or to anybody hereabout—about—”

She could not name Ascott; she felt so horribly ashamed.

A CURRENCY CAROL.

AIR — “Gaily the Troubadour.”

HURRAH for letter-stamps,
Down with the mints.
Henceforward change shall be
Called by its tints,
“Reds,” “browns,” “greens,” “yellows,”
“blues.”
Send us in showery,
Leaves, ’stead of solid fruit,
Henceforth be ours.
Silver, the jingling stuff,
Vanishes quick;
Stamps less erratic, when
Pocketed, stick.
Dimes, halves, and quarters go
Swift as they come.
Post-office cash we keep,
Longer, by Gum!

Funny the colloquies

Heard in all trades,
Since all our shiners went
Down to the shades.
Barkeepers charge for drinks
Solely by hue;
Lord! how the “greens” mount up
If you get blue!

All business done in stamps
Clearly is fair,
Seeing the payments made
Needs must be square.
Keep then the game alive,
Add to the batch,
Into “the current” throw
Nothing but Patch.

—Vanity Fair.

From London Society.

A LADY'S DRESS.

DRESS DURING THE LAST TEN YEARS—PRESENT FASHIONS—HINTS ON THE HARMONY OF COLOR.

PART I.

"DRESS," says a lively writer some twelve or fourteen years ago (referring to female attire), "is a kind of personal glossary—a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect."

This last assertion is rather strong; still, viewed in the light of a guide-book for the quiet observer of character—as an index to the tastes, habits of life, and condition of a people—a certain value must be conceded to the subject, even by those who denounce it as a frivolous topic, unworthy of any attention. But it assumes real importance, when we recognize it as the spring that moves the many hands of industry, and see in its wants and demands the stimulants that work upon man's fancy, taste, and inventive powers—exercise his skill and patience, and even impel him to study and scientific research. What knowledge and calculation were necessary, for instance, before the machinery that has brought calico-printing to its present perfection could be produced! What experiments were essayed in the laboratory before a new shade of color could be procured to meet the taste for novelty, and, when procured, before it could be fixed and made permanently available!

During the last few years, we have had the hue of the fuchsia, the tender shade of the Chinese primrose, reproduced on silk or muslin, and delicate greens, seen before in nature only, rendered as lasting as in our climate a delicate color can be. In looking at the rich array of shades and hues employed in our present manufactures, we begin to question whether the use of the three primary colors in the earlier stages of society is to stand, as some writers on color are fond of assuming, the evidence of a purer taste, or simply the result of necessity. We cannot think that any people possessing the means we now do, of robbing Nature of all her exquisite coloring, would have contented themselves with simple red, blue, and yellow. However effective and valuable, combinations of these with black or white are, for architectural and decorative purposes, for costume the *neutrals* and *hues* are peculiarly adapted, and only fail in pleasing as

they ought, because injudiciously used or improperly combined. Dress should be to the person what the frame is to the picture, *subordinate*—the setting that enhances the beauty of the gem, but does not overwhelm it.

Do not let it be supposed, however, that we are advocates of the sober browns, the grays, fawns, etc., the *quiet* colors that some people think the garb of propriety, to the exclusion of bright color. No! we dearly love and duly appreciate color; we have hailed with delight the resumption of the scarlet cloak this winter by our fair countrywomen, especially at a time of public mourning, when our streets have worn so monotonous and sombre an aspect. The eye has been gladdened and refreshed by the warm bright red, set off by the black dress beneath; and the welcome effect it produced, proved to our minds how much pleasure we insensibly derive from the presence of color. We are hardly aware of it until we lose it: the aspect of our crowded thoroughfares lately enables us to form some idea of what we should feel, if, by some freak of fashion, the fair sex were to adopt a costume as unvaried and hideous as the present masculine attire; and if our shops, that now display all that is lovely in color and exquisite in design, had nothing more attractive to offer than broadcloth or black stuff. We should feel depressed. The eye needs the stimulant of color and variety to keep it from fatigue; and beneath our gray and colorless sky we want more color not less. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago, color was certainly at a discount in dress as well as in architecture and decoration. That there has been a revival in its favor no one will deny.

For dress the palest of shades were then preferred; a full color was pronounced vulgar, and brunettes were content to look ill in silver gray and faded pink, whilst blondes appeared in the most ethereal of blues. Well! fashion has changed to more advantage in this respect than in others; for although the material for a lady's dress was then inferior in design and color to what it now is, we think the general effect was preferable, more simple, more graceful, less extravagant in every sense of the word. But then a well-dressed woman was rather the exception than the rule, and we must allow

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that now the reverse is the case. Englishwomen are less *fagoté*—to use an untranslatable French word—than they were. They buy their bonnet with reference to the dress or cloak it is destined to accompany; they have ceased to think that they can furbish up a faded garment by a bow of ribbon here, or a bunch of flowers there; they are particular about their gloves and their shoes; they have added the finish of neatness to their dress, and rival the Frenchwoman in a point once peculiarly her own. But then, if our countrywoman's taste has improved, we fear her expenses have progressed also, for luxury and extravagance in dress have vastly increased during the last ten years. How is this to be accounted for? to what is it owing? To French influence! cries a chorus of angry fathers and husbands with Christmas bills fresh in their recollections. Well, Paris, it is true, has long held undisputed sway over the fashions of the fair and fickle sex, and never was homage more willingly paid to any sovereign, than that which has been rendered during the last eight years by ladies of every land to the imperial Eugénie, as the Queen of Fashion in that gay city; but is the fair despot solely responsible for the very *enlarged* view now held as to the requirements of a lady's toilette? And if the empress is to be charged with this, pray who, Messieurs les maris, is to blame for your extravagance in dinners, horses, and expensive furniture? Is it the emperor's example? has it anything to do with the centralizing influences of railroads? or is it in France the result of reaction? Let us look back a little.

The events of 1840 left most of the European States in an uncomfortable, unsettled condition more than a twelvemonth afterwards. The winter of 1849-50 saw the greater part of Germany, however, tranquilized and re-assured. The nobles flocked to the capitals, and those who visited any of the large towns of Southern Germany then, will remember that the carnival of 1850 was the gayest, the most brilliant, that had been known for years. The petty mediatised princes who had resigned to the crowns of Austria and Bavaria the little remnants of sovereign power so long jealously preserved by them, and the numerous counts and barons who had given up also the feudal rights they had retained over their tenantry,

and the payments in kind often oppressively enforced, found their dignity and importance shorn of their former proportions in their native towns, and their pockets well filled, owing to the money compensation received in lieu of these rights: they therefore closed their old Schlosses, bade farewell to their former grand dulness, and repaired to Vienna or Munich, to dance away regret, spend their money, display their hereditary diamonds and pearls, and receive with gratification the attentions of a court anxious to conciliate and console.

"Society," as the word is understood in Southern Germany, comprises a very limited circle. That wondrous dovetailing in of all classes that we have in England, and which makes our society consequently the most varied and intellectual in the world, is yet unknown there; and ten years ago the old nobility resented any attempt to introduce a new element into their world as an infringement upon their peculiar privileges. The ruling families of most of the German States were, in this respect, in advance of their subjects. The man of letters, the artist, the poet, found readier admittance into his sovereign's palace than the noble's house; and the effort of the accomplished Maximilian of Bavaria to bring together, for mutual advantage, the aristocracy and the learned professors and savants of his capital met with no encouragement and little success. They stood aloof from each other, even under the royal roof; and the beautiful wife of a mediatised prince only spoke the sentiments of her class when she declared "that it was becoming quite disagreeable to go to court, for you met such very *odd* people there." It can be imagined how welcome an increase to their numbers, therefore, were the numerous families who had hitherto been content to keep petty state in the country, and who now flocked into the capitals eager for pleasure, and provided with means for the sudden increase in luxury and expense of all kinds that marked the return to tranquillity after the movements of 1848. The grand dame, who had no longer her one or two *dames de compagnie* (lady companions) to pay, devoted herself to her toilette as another means of maintaining a prominent position, or achieving distinction. She sent to Paris for her flowers, to Lyons for her silks; she could scarcely be seen twice

in the same dress, and, in short, the taste for extravagance in dress which began in Germany then, and which has since been maintained by French example and other causes, was originally due, not to Eugénie's fair face, but to a political movement, which had the effect of concentrating wealth in the capital at a time when France was still uneasy under a president whose intentions she mistrusted.

With regard to France, the ruin that had followed upon the Revolution, and the want of confidence in their successive governments, had taught the French to be careful, and the example of the Citizen King and his family strengthened this disposition. Fifteen or twenty years ago it was the aim of most French families to live, not *within*, but *below* their income. The *dot* for the daughter was the result of yearly saving, and if there were no children to save for, the same yearly amount was spared and put by, for a rainy day. Their habit was to abjure all credit, and to take such pleasure as they could afford; and whilst we are fond of stigmatizing them as light-hearted and careless, they were in reality far more careful than we, who, making no provision for the expense of recreation, are seldom able to indulge in it without an uneasy feeling that we are hardly justified in so doing.

We English are in the main a conscientious people; we do not wish to incur debt we cannot pay; but we start in life with a notion that a certain mode of living is necessary for respectability, and that, therefore, any sacrifice must be made to obtain it. When we find the means of compassing our ideas on this subject fall short, we too often have not the moral courage to adopt a less pretentious style of living, and, conscious that the foundations of our house are insecure, and that a storm would find us unprepared to meet it, we carry throughout our daily life, into society, as at home, a secret care which prevents our being light-hearted like the more careful, more provident French, as we knew them fifteen, or twenty years ago.

We say, as we knew them; for the visitor to Paris now, will find the Parisian brow less serene, the Parisian sky less clear, the latter owing to the almost universal use of coal, which they have adopted, and with it many of our ways of living. They live more

at home, less abroad. The solitary *femme de ménage* who managed all the household work for many a small family (the heads of the house dining abroad or having their dinner sent in from some neighboring restaurateur) has been replaced by two or more servants; and these "domestic comforts" have proved to them (as the present meaning of their name implies) the cause of many domestic troubles and many domestic difficulties. They have undertaken to keep more people at a time when wages are higher and provisions dearer: as the consequence of one piece of a folly is generally another, so one piece of extravagance begets a second, and expensive dinners are taking the place of the once easy mode of seeing your friends. In no particular is there stronger evidence of increased luxury and expense, than in that of dress.

Formerly the French lady of rank was easily satisfied, if her fortune was not large, with two silk dresses, one, either of black or some dark color, for walking, the other for her evening visiting, or receptions, and the latter she was content to vary by a change of headdress or some exquisite lace. Instead of discarding it as she does now, when it has become known to her friends, she piqued herself upon its durability, and received, as a compliment to its original value, the remarks of her friends that "it had lasted well." With her the purchase of a new gown was an event—a subject of grave consideration. A good price was given, a good article expected. The accompaniments were selected in the same spirit: the lace was real and costly, the mantles and gloves accorded in color and quality, and the French lady, *when dressed* was consequently well dressed, suitably to her position, becomingly to herself.

Whilst the Frenchwoman was thus simply elegant, the majority of what we call the middle classes in England were decidedly dowdy, and the higher classes far less expensive in their attire than they are now. An English lady of rank who had been eight years absent from London, returned there in the spring of 1850, after having passed the winter at the courts of Vienna and Munich. She expressed surprise at the comparative simplicity of dress at the court of St. James. A few jewels, or a spray of flowers at the back of the head, was orna-

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ment enough then for the Englishwoman, whilst the Viennese or Bavarian noble lady was overloaded with flowers and diamonds. But this state of affairs was not destined to last long. We jog on in England contentedly enough in our old ways, until some one suggests a new idea for us, which we are some time comprehending, and then we go mad upon the subject. For the last ten years, we and France have certainly been playing the game of "follow my leader," whether in the organization of our army, the improvement of our towns, the reconstruction of our navy, or in the developments of dress. Yes,—to answer the question asked a little way back,—it is to French influence, French example, we must ascribe the increased luxury and expense of dress in England. The Germans have never been so much led by Paris as we have: the Viennese long had, and maintained their own fashions; and we have seen that after 1848 the change there, in this respect, was one of the several results of bringing together the wealthy and the great. But we, who have always plenty of money to spend upon new projects, found one agreeable mode of disposing of it, was buying largely the costly productions from the looms of Lyons, Lille, etc., and all the articles of luxury for which the manufactures of France are renowned, and which the establishment of the empire seemed to rouse from stagnation and depression.

Whatever the world may think of Louis Napoleon's celebrated *coup-d'état*, to France it at once restored confidence. The people instinctively felt that whatever the empire might be to Europe, to them it meant peace—peace at home, peace amongst themselves. "*L'empire c'est la paix*," was susceptible of many readings, but that most agreeable to France was, no more revolutions, no more ideal governments. The empire is a fact. This feeling of confidence infused new life into every branch of trade; and the first care of the emperor was to strengthen this spirit of activity, and to keep down the restless spirits of the manufacturing towns by promoting employment for them.

He found a most efficient ally in the empress; and the richest brocades and costliest *moirés*, which had hitherto been sparingly manufactured for a few of the wealthy only, were soon lavishly displayed in every shop

window in Paris, and, ere long, worn by people, who a few years before, would have considered such materials beyond their means and unsuited to their station.

If dress may be considered as an index of the taste of the age, it is not in error now, when it marks an increase of luxury and expenditure in all classes.

So much for the cost and material of modern costume: the causes that influence the cut and fashion of a dress are less easily determined, or reviewed. The bright-colored petticoats of the present day are easily accounted for by their convenience and warmth. The hats worn in summer came originally from Germany and Switzerland. Although now sadly shorn of their sheltering proportions, and altered from their ugly but useful mushroom shapes, they recommend themselves for various reasons; they are becoming, more durable and cooler in summer than bonnets: their adoption is therefore easily understood, and the burnous, the Spanish mantilla, carry their own history with them. But how is it that we have one year a tight sleeve like a man's coat, and another a hanging one like that of a Chinese mandarin? Who lengthens the cloaks of the fair sex until they almost touch the ground one year, and the following season cuts them off below the waist?

This is a mysterious subject. We are in the habit, when we don't exactly know what a man's occupation is, of saying, "Oh, he has something to do in the City." In the same way, all we know about these changes is that they are effected in Paris. We have heard that there are individuals there whose sole occupation it is, to devise a new pattern, invent a new trimming; but on what principles they proceed we know not. Every now and then we discover that some great novelty is only what our grandmothers wore before us. The adoption or rejection of a fashion, however, depends very much upon the taste and character of individuals who, from their rank or wealth, exercise an influence in society. Accordingly, in the present day, the empress has been made responsible for much.

When Eugénie de Montijo espoused Napoleon III., envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were arrayed against her. She was not royal; she was not French; she rode on horseback; she had English

blood in her veins, an English complexion, and most probably English tastes. When she returned from Notre Dame after the marriage ceremony, the vast crowds assembled near the Tuileries to view her entry there, gave her no welcome, received their empress in silence; yet in a few months France unanimously pronounced her *charming*. She had none of the conventional manner prescribed to royalty; she laughed when she should have been grave, and wept when she should have been composed; she wore fancy dresses, offensive to court etiquette, yet in spite of all this, in spite of her being as natural as Frenchwomen are generally artificial, she was pronounced *charming*. Her beauty and grace captivated the other sex; but we have no hesitation in saying that one cause of her popularity with her own, was her being beyond all comparison the best-dressed woman in the empire.

The French look upon the toilette as a work of art, and pay the same tribute to it that we do to any other artistic production. They accepted and valued her success as another proof of the supremacy of France in this as in other matters.

We really think it very hard, however, that the empress should be charged with the present monstrosities of dress, the hideous bonnets, the heavy wreaths loading the brows and lengthening the face so as to give some women—as a man in the pit of the Opera last year remarked—"the appearance of unicorns." The exaggerated hoops, too,—are these purely French? We have always had a liking for hoops in England, and some of our most decorous periods of costume have been those when the hoop was worn. We half think this is a fashion for which we are as much responsible as our neighbors across the water.

HOLIDAY HEXAMETERS.

PURPLE autumn is here once more, and the days of recess:

Gaily the Whigs depart, and forget the sight of the House,

Weary no doubt of the place where so often they got in a mess—

Heartily glad to hear the swift wild whirr of the grouse.

Russell to Ireland is off, and wont write a single despatch:

Wood will try to forget his ridiculous quarrel with Laing:

Full felicity surely will come to the whole of the batch,

Far from Cobden's invective and Osborne's laughable slang.

Learned Lewis away in Wales will study the stars:

Wherefore does he not teach us a little astrology too—

Tell us if Italy's fields will be reddened by dominant Mars—

Tell us what in the world McClellan is going to do?

Peel, that "broth of a boy," to Ireland surely will go,

Making a progress there, with speeches very polite:

Carlisle's Earl will be glad to see him, we all of us know—

And the O'Donoghue too, who is rather fond of a fight.

Gladstone will festival hold in the sombre city of coal,

Boast of his famous finance, safe from Sir Stafford's reply—

Prove the Income-tax a capital thing on the whole—

Also that acid Bordeaux is the cheapest liquor to buy.

As for the jolly Premier—his vagaries who shall foresee?

Sheffield has tried the blade: Dover's expecting him soon.

Never did any one play the Harlequin better than he;

Though he is old enough quite for the part of the Pantaloon.

—The Press.

THE other day a little Frenchman, just arrived, who had been taking English lessons, on the voyage, from a fellow-passenger, complained much of the difficulty of our grammar, especially the *irregular verbs*.

For instance, says he, "*Ze verb to go*. Did you ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper: I go; Thou departest; He clears out; We cut stick; Ye or you make track; They absquatulate. "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What disregular verbs you have in your language!*"

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O MEN and brothers ! wherever ye are,
In our country's need—stand fast !
Come now, to our aid—we suffer afar—
Our strength has weakened at last !

We have struggled, shoulder to shoulder, here.
And many of us have died,
For the sake of the land we hold most dear ;—
Come now, with help to our side !

We know you could not sit there at your ease,
If you knew, what we have, here—
This moment of grace—up, brothers, and seize !
For oh ! the danger is near !

Quit ye like men, in the daily strife—
New strength in your souls be born—
For what is the use of saving your life,
Friends—if your country is gone ?

Boy heads, with a mother's blessing, their seal,
I've watched fall low at my side—
With only a prayer for their country's weal,
While their brows shone glorified !

Bearded men—(on the hot roadside, one day,
Their faces grew soft—and smiled,
Because some poor woman sat there at play,
With a little blue-eyed child)—

Those men, with a tender place in their hearts,
Where in dreams some small hands clung—
In the thickest fights they have borne their parts,
Great Souls ! unknown, unsung !

O men and brothers ! be ye not appalled
With the cruel way we've trod—
"Let every man wherein he is called,
Therein—abide with God !"

And ye are called ! To come here in your might.
Stout-hearted, and brave, and strong !
Come, loving Christ, your Country, and *Right*,
And to conquer, this great wrong !

First, save the Country ! Ay, at any cost.
Do ye mind those gone before ?
Ah ! can we stand by, while their blood is lost ?
Can they watch us from *that* shore,

And wonder perhaps that we waste the time,
Feel their trust in us misplaced ?
O brother, the heights that we yet can climb,
So our Flag be not disgraced !

O men and brothers ! wherever ye are,
In our Country's need—stand fast !
And to every State, with a fallen star,
Restore it, undimmed, at last !

Come, with new courage, fresh aid, and brave
cheer,

Ah ! hark !—the roll of the drum !
The battle's din even now in our ear—
For God, and our Country, *come !*

—*Transcript.*

EARL CANNING.

[We insert the following verses rather for
their literary force than because we think they
have grasped accurately either the strength or
the weakness of Lord Canning's powerful char-
acter.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

COME home at last !

From the half royal crown which whoso wears
Aches both in head and heart—the weight so
vast ;

From scathing suns, and still more scathing
cares ;

From that far grave so fresh, 'tis still un-
gras'd,

Where the bright lady of his love doth lie,
Come home at last to die.

We had scarce time,

To welcome him with sword and star of state,
With voiceful banquet, and with lofty rhyme ;
Yet not the blossoms make the forest great,
Not the reward—the work makes man sublime.
What matter now ? Methinks, 'twere overbold,
To give a martyr gold.

One gift we have,

Not misbecoming our much love, nor him
Who saved the Indies for our sons—a grave !
Bury him in the Abbey, in the dim
Religious light among our wise and brave,
Among our saints and senators, and men
Of golden thought and pen.

Not like his sire,

With torchlike words, with flowers and lights
of speech,
Hearts could he finely win, or greatly fire ;
With drums and trappings, through the deadly
breach

He never marched ; or wrote and tuned the
lyre,

Like him, the gentlest of immortals, who
Sleeps next his Montagu.

O truer tongue

Whose eloquence was that great word—forgive !
O braver warrior by loud fame unsung,
O nobler pages worthier far to live,
Stamped with the rights of those who did as
wrong !

O England's calm uncanonized saint
Enskied by self-restraint.

At last come home.

Welcome, high welcome with the organs grieving,
Majestic through the glory and the gloom ;
Welcome with tears that tell the undecieving
Of life-long dreams at last beside the tomb.
Welcome, for here where England's mightiest rest
There comes no nobler guest.

Come home at last !

Childless and crownless, weary and heart
wounded,

A better name than sons can give thou hast,
And that deep weariness is aye surrounded
By the sweet arms of Christ around thee cast,
And from thy crown of thorns, and heartache
freed,

Thou art at home, indeed. W. A.

AN HOUR OF PRAYER.

JUST after the sunset yesterday,
When the last of the crowd had passed away,
I went to the little church to pray.

My spirit was clouded with discontent,
And the faith I had was nearly spent,
When I came, like a thief impenitent,

Weary and foiled in the weary race,
To hide myself from my own disgrace,
And steal some comfort from the place.

Nothing for naught in the world they say,
And little they get who have little to pay:
But the chapel was open all the day.

The choir was as free as the aisles of a wood,
And I found, when under its shade I stood,
That the air of the church was doing me good.

In the silence, after the city's smoke,
My spirit grew calmer and thoughts awoke
From sleep that I fancied dead—I spoke:

"Perhaps they were not unwisely bold,
Who called this God's House—the men of old—
Does the shepherd wait within the fold?"

So up the choir, with footsteps faint,
In the fading light of each shining saint,
I wondered if He would hear my plaint.

There was something surely in kneeling where
A thousand hearts had left their care
That helped to contradict despair.

"No hope remains in the world," I cried,
"So far have I wandered, so much denied,
Is there any way left as yet untried?"

"I love, but it only makes death more drear
And truth more distant; I love in fear,
'Tis not with the love that seeth clear.

"I toil, but the range of my restless glance,
Still stretches afar; an aimless dance
I see, and name it the work of chance.

"They are blown together, like dust in the wind,
The feeble frame and the lordly mind,
And only their ashes are left behind.

"My words are bitter; what proof remains
To prove them false; are a prisoner's chains
Lighter because he forgets his pains?"

"Hear me, for mine is a soul in need:
On the cold damp ground I sink and bleed,
Hear me, and show thou art God indeed.

"The lamp of my spirit was lit in vain,
The light went out long since in the rain,
Can faith once lost be found again?"

"'Tis dark without it, but how can we,
When the night is starless, pretend to see
Across the darkness an image of Thee?"

Here the crucifix shone o'er the altar stair,
And its dim light made me at last aware
Of the Lamp that was burning faintly there.

There are notes of music and tones of love,
Memories and sights that have power to move
The soul to communion with things above.

So I fixed my gaze on the steadfast ray,
Till it seemed as if earth and its troubles lay
In the valley of restlessness far away.

A dreamlike procession of early years
Swept through my spirit; the frost that sears
Our life fell from me in tranquil tears.

The riddle of doubt was solved at last,
As the growing and glimmering lustre cast
A light on the labyrinth of my past.

God makes each heart a cathedral dim,
With its vaults where gloomy vapors swim,
And its altar burning still for him.

I woke from my trance in the church alone,
And the church bell marked that an hour had
flown,
As it pealed in a sombre monotone.

Like a deep voice singing a noble song,
It bade me arise and bear along
My lamp still bright, my courage strong.

Biarritz, May, 1861.

J. N.
—Spectator.

LUCERNE.

THE lake beneath, and the city,
And the quiet glorious hills,
Bending beneath the sunset,
With strong submissive wills.

The mound above and the rampart,
And the river that swiftly flows,
Between the walls to the meadows,
In the evening's deep repose.

Three towers are set in the sunlight,
And gleaming in burnished gold;
Over one the twilight is creeping,
It stands in the shadow cold.

Four stages of life recalling,
Our birth, our love, our toil,
And the last that lies in the shadow,
And waits to receive the spoil.

—Spectator.